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NO. I.

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UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

TICKLER. I will accompany you on the poker and tongs.

SHEPHERD. I hae nae objections—for you've not only a sowl for music, Sir, but a genius too, and the twa dinna always gang thegither—mony a man haein' as fine an ear for tunes, as the starnies on a dewy nicht that listen to the grass growin' roun' the vernal primroses, and yet no able to play on ony instrument,—on even the flute—let abee the poker and tangs.

NOCTES AMBROSIAE.

I AM not known as a lover of music. I seldom praise the player upon an instrument or the singer of a song. I stand aside if I listen, and keep the measure in my heart, without beating it audibly with my foot, or moving my head visibly in a practised abstraction. There are times when I do not listen at all; and it may be that the mood is not on me, or that the spell of it is mastered by beauty, or that I hear a human voice whose very whisper is sweeter than it all. There are some who are said to have a passion for music, and they will turn away at the beginning of a song, though it be only a child's lesson, and leave gazing on an eye that was, perhaps, like shaded water, or the forehead of a beautiful woman, or the lip of a young girl, to listen. I cannot boast that my love of music is so strong. I confess there are things I know that are often an overcharm, though not always, and I would not give up my slavery to their power, if I might be believed to have gone mad at an opera, or have my 'Bravo' the signal for the applause of a city.

There is unwritten music. The world is full of it. I hear it every hour that I wake, and my waking sense is surpassed sometimes my by sleeping—though that is a mystery. There is no sound of simple nature that is not music. It is all God's work, and so harmony. You may mingle and divide and strengthen the passages of its great anthem, and it is still melody,—melody. The low winds of summer blow over the waterfalls and the brooks, and bring their voices to your ear as if their sweetness was linked by an accurate finger; yet

the wind is but a fitful player ; and you may go out when the tempest is up, and hear the strong trees moaning as they lean before it, and the long grass hissing as it sweeps through, and its own solemn monotony over all,—and the dimple of that same brook, and the waterfall's unaltered bass shall still reach you in the intervals of its power, as much in harmony as before, and as much a part of its perfect and perpetual hymn. There is no accident of nature's causing which can bring in discord. The loosened rock may fall into the abyss, and the overblown tree rush down through the branches of the wood, and the thunder peal awfully in the sky ;—and sudden and violent as these changes seem, their tumult goes up with the sound of winds and waters, and the exquisite ear of the musician can detect no jar.

I have read somewhere of a custom in the Highlands, which, in connexion with the principle it involves, is exceedingly beautiful. It is believed, that, to the ear of the dying, (which, just before death, becomes always exquisitely acute,) the perfect harmony of the voices of nature is so ravishing, as to make him forget his suffering, and die gently, like one in a pleasant trance. And so, when the last moment approaches, they take him from close the shieling, and bear him out into the open sky, that he may hear the familiar rushing of the streams. I can believe that it is not superstition. I do not think we know how exquisitely nature's many voices are attuned to harmony, and to each other. The old philosopher we read of might not have been dreaming when he discovered that the order of the sky was like a scroll of written music, and that two stars (which are said to have appeared centuries after his death in the very places he mentioned,) were wanting to complete the harmony. We know how wonderful are the phenomena of color ; how strangely like consummate art the strongest dyes are blended in the plumage of birds, and in the cups of flowers ; so that, to the practised eye of the painter, the harmony is inimitably perfect. It is natural to suppose every part of the universe equally perfect, and it is a glorious and elevating thought, that the stars of heaven are moving on continually to music, and that the sounds we daily listen to are but a part of a melody that reaches to the very centre of God's illimitable spheres.

(Pardon me a digression here, reader. Aside from the intention of the custom just alluded to, there is something delightful in the thought of thus dying in the open air. I had always less horror of death than of its ordinary gloomy circumstance. There is something unnatural in the painful and extravagant sympathy with which the dying are surrounded. It is not such a gloomy thing to die. The world has pleasant places, and I would hear in my last hour, the voices, and the birds, and the chance music I may have loved ; but



better music, and voices of more ravishing sweetness, and far pleasanter places, are found in heaven, and I cannot feel that it is well, or natural, to oppress the dying with the distressing wretchedness of common sorrow. I would be let go cheerfully from the world. I would have my friends comfort me and smile pleasantly on me, and feel willing that I should be released from sorrow and perplexity and disease, and go up, now that my race was finished, joyfully to my reward. And if it be allotted me, as I pray it will, to die in the summer time, I would be borne out beneath the open sky, and have my pillow lifted that I might see the glory of the setting sun, and pass away, like him, with undiminished light to another world.)

It is not mere poetry to talk of the 'voices of summer.' It is the day time of the year, and its myriad influences are audibly at work. Even by night you may lay your ear to the ground, and hear that faintest of murmurs, the sound of growing things. I used to think when I was a child that it was fairy music. If you have been used to rising early, you have not forgotten how the stillness of the night seems increased by the timid note of the first bird. It is the only time when I would lay a finger on the lip of nature,—the deep hush is so very solemn. By and by, however, the birds are all up, and the peculiar holiness of the hour declines—but what a world of music does the sun shine on!—the deep lowing of the cattle blending in with the capricious warble of a thousand of God's happy creatures, and the stir of industry coming on the air like the undertones of a choir, and the voice of man, heard in the distance over all, like a singer among instruments, giving them meaning and language! And then, if your ear is delicate, you have minded how all these sounds grew softer and sweeter as the exhalations of dew floated up, and the vibrations loosened in the thin air.

You should go out some morning in June, and listen to the notes of the birds. They express, far more than our own, the characters of their owners. From the scream of the vulture and the eagle to the low brooding of the dove, they are all modified by their habits of support, and their consequent dispositions. With the small birds the voice seems to be but an outpouring of gladness, and it is pleasant to see that without one articulate word it is so sweet a gift to them. It seems a necessary vent to their joy of existence, and I believe in my heart that a dumb bird would die of its imprisoned fulness.

Nature seems never so utterly still to me as in the depth of a summer afternoon. The heat has driven in the birds, and the leaves hang motionless in the trees, and no creature has the heart, in that faint sultriness, to utter a sound. The snake sleeps on the rock, and the frog lies breathing in the pool, and even the murmur that is heard at night is inaudible, for the herbage droops beneath the sun, and the



seed has no strength to burst its covering. The world is still, and the pulses beat languidly. It is a time for sleep.

But if you would hear one of nature's most various and delicate harmonies, lie down in the edge of the wood when the evening breeze begins to stir, and listen to its coming. It touches first the silver foliage of the birch, and the slightly hung leaves, at its merest breath, will lift and rustle like a thousand tiny wings, and then it creeps up to the tall fir, and the fine tassels send out a sound like a low whisper, and, as the oak feels its influence, the thick leaves stir heavily, and a deep tone comes sullenly out like the echo of a far off bassoon. They are all wind-harps of different power, and as the breeze strengthens and sweeps equally over them all, their united harmony has a wonderful grandeur and beauty.

Then what is more soothing than the dropping of the rain? You should have slept in a garret to know how it can lull and bring dreams. How I have lain, when a boy, and listened to the fitful patter of the large drops upon the roof, and held my breath as it grew fainter and fainter, till it ceased utterly, and I heard nothing but the rushing of the strong gust and the rattling of the panes. I used to say over my prayers and think of the apples I had stolen, then! But were you ever out fishing upon a lake in a smart shower? It is like the playing of musical glasses. The drops ring out with a clear bell-like tinkle, following each other sometimes so closely that it resembles the winding of a distant horn; and then, in the momentary intervals, the bursting of the thousand tiny bubbles comes stealthily on your ear, more like the recollection of a sound than a distinct murmur. Not that I fish. I was ever a milky-hearted boy, and had a foolish notion that there was pain in the restless death of those panting and beautiful creatures; but I loved to go out with the old men when the day set in with rain, and lie dreamily over the gunwale listening to the changes of which I have spoken. It had a quieting effect on my temper, and stilled for a while the uneasiness of that vague longing that is like a fever at a boy's heart.

There is a melancholy music in Autumn. The leaves float sadly about with a look of peculiar desolateness, wavering capriciously in the wind, and falling with a just audible sound that is a very sigh for its sadness. And then, when the breeze is fresher—though the early autumn months are mostly still—they are swept on with a cheerless rustle over the naked harvest fields and about in the eddies of the blast; and though, I have, sometimes, in the glow of exercise, felt my life securer in the triumph of the brave contrast, yet in the chill of evening, or when any sickness of mind or body was on me, the moaning of those withered leaves has press'd down my heart like a sorrow, and the cheerful fire and the voices of my many sisters, might scarce remove it.



Then, for the music of winter, I love to listen to the falling of the snow. It is an unobtrusive and sweet music. You may temper your heart to the serenest mood by its low murmur. It is that kind of music that only intrudes upon your ear when your thoughts come languidly. You need not hear it if your mind is not idle. It realizes my dream of another world, where music is intuitive like a thought, and comes only when it is remembered.

And the frost too has a melodious 'ministry.' You will hear its crystals shoot in the dead of a clear night as if the moonbeams were splintering like arrows on the ground; and you listen to it the more earnestly that it is the going on of one of the most cunning and beautiful of nature's deep mysteries. I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of a crystal. God has hidden its principle as yet from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher, and we must be content to gaze on its exquisite beauty, and listen in mute wonder to the noise of its invisible workmanship. It is too fine a knowledge for us. We shall comprehend it when we know how the 'morning stars sang together.'

You would hardly look for music in the dreariness of the early winter. But before the keener frosts set in, and while the warm winds are yet stealing back occasionally like regrets of the departed summer, there will come a soft rain or a heavy mist, and, when the north wind returns, there will be drops suspended like earring jewels between the filaments of the cedar tassels and in the feathery edges of the dark green hemlocks, and, if the clearing up is not followed by a heavy wind, they will all be frozen in their places like well set gems. The next morning the warm sun comes out, and by the middle of the calm, dazzling forenoon, they are all loosened from the close touch which sustained them, and will drop at the lightest motion. If you go along upon the south side of the wood at that hour, you will hear music. The dry foliage of the summer's shedding is scattered over the ground, and the round, hard drops ring out clearly and distinctly as they are shaken down with the stirring of the breeze. It is something like the running of deep and rapid water, only more fitful and merrier; but to one who goes out in nature with his heart open, it is a pleasant music, and, in contrast with the stern character of the season, delightful.

Winter has many other sounds that give pleasure to the seeker for hidden sweetness; but they are too rare and accidental to be described distinctly. The brooks have a sullen and muffled murmur under their frozen surface; the ice in the distant river heaves up with the swell of the current and falls again to the bank with a prolonged echo, and the woodman's axe rings cheerfully out from the bosom of the unrobed forest. These are, at best, however, but melancholy sounds, and, like all that meets the eye in that

cheerless season, they but drive in the heart upon itself. I believe it is so ordered in God's wisdom. We forget ourselves in the enticement of the sweet summer. Its music and its loveliness win away the senses that link up the affections, and we need a hand to turn us back tenderly, and hide from us the outward idols in whose worship we are forgetting the higher and more spiritual altars.

Hitherto I have spoken only of the sounds of irrational and inanimate nature. A better than these and the best music under Heaven is the music of the human voice. I doubt whether all voices are not capable of it, though there must be degrees in it as in beauty. The tones of affection in all children are sweet, and we know not how much their unpleasantness in after life may be the effect of sin, and coarseness, and the consequent habitual expression of discordant passions. But we do know that the voice of any human being becomes touching by distress, and that, even on the coarse minded and the low, religion and the higher passions of the world have sometimes so wrought, that their eloquence was like the strong passages of an organ. I have been much about in the world, and with a boy's unrest and a peculiar thirst for novel sensations, have mingled for a time in every walk of life; yet never have I known man or woman under the influence of any strong feeling that was not utterly degraded, whose voice did not deepen to a chord of grandeur, or soften to cadences to which a harp might have been swept pleasantly. It is a perfect instrument as it comes from the hand of its Maker, and, though its strings may relax with the atmosphere, or be injured by misuse and neglect, it is always capable of being re-strung to its compass till its frame is shattered.

Men have seldom musical voices. Whether it is that their passions are coarser or that their life of caution and reserve shuts up the kindliness from which it would spring, a pleasant masculine voice is one of the rarest gifts of our sex. Whenever you do meet it however, it is always accompanied either by noble qualities, or, by that peculiar capacity for understanding all character, which Goethe calls a 'presentiment of the universe,' and which enables its possessor, without a spark of a generous nature himself, to know perfectly what it is in others, and to deceive the world by assuming all its accompaniments and all its outward evidence. I speak now, and throughout these remarks, only of the conversational tone. A man may sing never so well, and still speak execrably, and I rarely have known a person who conversed musically to sing even a tolerable song.

A good tone is generally the gift of a gentleman; for it is always low and deep, and the vulgar never possess the serenity and composure from which it alone can spring. They are always busy and hurried, and a high, sharp tone becomes habitual.

There is nothing like a sweet voice to win upon the confidence.



It is the secret of the otherwise unaccountable success of some men in society. They never talk for more than one to hear, and to that one, if a woman and attractive, it is a most dangerous because unsuspected spell; and every one knows how the voice softens instinctively with the knowledge that but one ear listens, and that it is addressed without witnesses to one who cannot stand aside from herself and separate the enchanter from his music. It is an insidious and beguiling power, and I have seen men, who, without any pretensions to dignity or imposing address, would arrest attention the moment their voices were heard, and who, if they leaned over to murmur in a woman's ear, were certain of pleasing, though the remark were the very idlest commonplace of conversation.

A sweet voice is indispensable to a woman. I do not think I can describe it. It can be, and sometimes is, cultivated. It is not inconsistent with great vivacity, but it is oftener the gift of the quiet and unobtrusive. Loudness or rapidity of utterance is incompatible with it. It is low, but not guttural, deliberate, but not slow. Every syllable is distinctly heard, but they follow each other like drops of water from a fountain. It is like the brooding of a dove—not shrill, nor even clear, but uttered with the subdued and touching *reediness* which every voice assumes in moments of deep feeling or tenderness. It is a glorious gift in woman. I should be won by it more than by beauty—more even than by talent, were it possible to separate them. But I never heard a deep, sweet voice from a weak woman. It is the organ of strong feeling, and of thoughts which have lain in the bosom till their sacredness almost hushes utterance. I remember listening in the midst of a crowd, many years ago, to the voice of a girl—a mere child of sixteen summers, till I was bewildered. She was a pure, high-hearted, impassioned creature, without the least knowledge of the world or her peculiar gift, but her own thoughts had wrought upon her like the hush of a sanctuary, and she spoke low, as if with an unconscious awe. I could never trifle in her presence. My nonsense seemed out of place, and my practised assurance forsook me utterly. She is changed now. She has been admired and found out her beauty, and the music of her tone is gone! She will recover it by and by, when the delirium of the world is over, and she begins to rely once more upon her own thoughts for company; but her extravagant spirits have broken over the thrilling timidity of childhood, and the charm is unwound.

There was a lady whom I used to meet when a boy, as I loitered to school with my satchel in the summer mornings, and of whom, by and by, I came to dream, night and day, with a boy's impassioned and indefinite longing. She was a married woman, perhaps twenty years older than I, but very—very beautiful. She was like one's idea of a countess—large, but perfectly light and graceful, and with an eye

of inexpressible softness and languor. I was certain she had a low, delicious tone, and as she passed me in the street, I used to fancy how the words must linger and melt on that red lip, with its deep colored and voluptuous fulness. Years after, when I had become a man, I was introduced to her. I made some passing remark, and with my boyish impression still floating in my mind, waited almost breathlessly for her answer. When she did speak, I was perfectly electrified. Such a wonderful rapidity of utterance, such a volume of language, I never heard from the lips of a woman! My dream was over.

It was always a wonder to me, that the voice is so neglected in a fashionable education. There is a power in it over men, greater even than manner, for it is never suspected. Nothing repels like indifference, and indifference is a loud talker, to whom any body may listen, and whom, therefore, nobody cares to hear. But a low tone is redolent of the great secret of a woman's power—*reliance*! Nothing wins like reliance. Be it in manner or tone it is alike irresistible. I have seen a woman who would captivate most men by simply leaning on their arm. It was the only thing she knew, and she did that beautifully. It said more plainly than she could have spoken it, "I confide in you utterly"—and who, that had not been initiated, could resist such an appeal? There is something in words spoken softly, and meant for one's ear alone, which touches the heart like an enchantment. I never linger by a low voiced woman if she is not young. It indicates either a most childlike innocence and truth, or it is the practised witchery of a woman of the world, who knows too well for me the secret of her power.

There are circumstances in which the simplest sound becomes awful. I once watched with a dying friend in a solitary farm house. It was a clear, still night in December, and there was not a sound to be heard beyond his just audible breathing. It wanted but a quarter to one, and I began to anticipate the striking of the large clock which stood in the farthest corner of the room in which I sat. It was, at first, simply with reference to my friend's comfort, for he was in a gentle doze, and I feared it might wake him from the only sleep he had got that night. I sat looking at the clock. The minute hand crept slowly on. I began to feel a nervous interest in its progress, and, as it advanced visibly, I leaned over and grasped closer and more firmly, the arm of the huge chair. As it grew near, a strange fear began to curdle my blood, and I could feel my hair stir, as if each individual filament were withering at the root. It crept on—and on. There was but one minute left! I felt a smothering sensation at my heart, and it seemed to me as if my life must stop. But that one minute seemed to me an hour. Before it had expired every event of my life had rushed through my memory, and the



awful responsibility of time, and the aggregate of pain, and despair, and agony that was felt by the hundreds who were dying at that moment, and the guilt that was festering in the darkness the hearts of those who may not sleep, and, over all, my own thoughtless and immeasurable prodigality of time and health and opportunity, crowded into my soul as if its capacity were equal to the concentrated anguish of a demon. The machinery at last began to stir. It seemed to me as if every vein in my body was an icy worm. My nerves stretched to an intenser pitch—large drops of sweat rolled from my forehead, and my heart stopped—almost. It struck!—and I fell back in my chair in a paroxysm of hysterical laughter! I have watched often since, and have been in situations far more calculated to excite terror, but nothing ever overcame me like that solitary vigil. I had been up night after night with my friend, and was certainly much unnerved by fatigue and exhaustion; but the circumstance furnishes matter of speculation to the inquirer after the phenomena of human nature.

The music of church bells has become a matter of poetry. Thomas Moore, (whose mere sense of beauty is making him religious, and who knows better than any other man what is beautiful,) has sung 'those evening bells,' in some of the most melodious of his elaborate stanzas. I remember, though somewhat imperfectly, a touching story connected with the church bells of a town in Italy, which had become famous all over Europe for their peculiar solemnity and sweetness. They were made by a young Italian artizan, and were his heart's pride. During the war, the place was sacked, and the bells carried off, no one knew whither. After the tumult was over, the poor fellow returned to his work, but it had been the solace of his life to wander about at evening, and listen to the chime of his bells, and he grew dispirited and sick, and pined for them till he could no longer bear it, and left his home, determined to wander over the world, and hear them once again before he died. He went from land to land, stopping in every village, till the hope that alone sustained him began to falter, and he knew at last that he was dying. He lay one evening in a boat that was slowly floating down the Rhine, almost insensible, and scarce expecting to see the sun rise again, that was now setting gloriously over the vine-covered hills of Germany. Presently, the vesper bells of a distant village began to ring, and, as the chimes stole faintly over the river with the evening breeze, he started from his lethargy. He was not mistaken. It was the deep, solemn, heavenly music of his own bells, and the sounds that he had thirsted for years to hear, were melting over the water. He leaned from the boat, with his ear close to the calm surface of the river, and listened. They rung out their hymn and ceased—and he still lay motionless in his painful posture. His



companions spoke to him, but he gave no answer—his spirit had followed the last sound of the vesper chime.

There is something exceedingly impressive in the breaking in of church bells on the stillness of the Sabbath. I doubt whether it is not more so in the heart of a populous city than anywhere else. The presence of any single, strong feeling, in the midst of a great people, has something of awfulness in it which exceeds even the impressiveness of nature's breathless Sabbath. I know few things more imposing than to walk the streets of a city when the peal of the early bells is just beginning. The deserted pavements, the closed windows of the places of business, the decent gravity of the solitary passenger, and, over all, the feeling in your own bosom that the fear of God is brooding like a great shadow over the thousand human beings who are sitting still in their dwellings around you, were enough, if there were no other circumstance, to hush the heart into a religious fear. But when the bells peal out suddenly with a summons to the temple of God, and their echoes roll on through the desolate streets, and are unanswered by the sound of any human voice, or the din of any human occupation, the effect has sometimes seemed to me more solemn than the near thunder.

Far more beautiful, and, perhaps, quite as salutary as a religious influence, is the sound of a distant Sabbath bell in the country. It comes floating over the hills like the going abroad of a spirit, and as the leaves stir with its vibrations, and the drops of dew tremble in the cups of the flowers, you could almost believe that there was a Sabbath in nature, and that the dumb works of God rendered visible worship for his goodness. The effect of nature alone is purifying, and its thousand evidences of wisdom are too eloquent of their Maker not to act as a continual lesson; but combined with the instilled piety of childhood, and the knowledge of the inviolable holiness of the time, the mellow cadences of a church bell give to the hush of the country Sabbath a holiness to which only a desperate heart could be insensible.

Yet, after all, whose ear was ever 'filled with hearing,' or whose 'eye with seeing?' Full as the world is of music—crowded as life is with beauty which surpasses, in its mysterious workmanship, our wildest dream of faculty and skill—gorgeous as is the overhung and ample sky, and deep and universal as the harmonies are which are wandering perpetually in the atmosphere of this spacious and beautiful world—who has ever heard music and not felt a capacity for better, or seen beauty, or grandeur, or delicate cunning, without a feeling in his inmost soul of unreached and unsatisfied conceptions? I have gazed on the dazzling loveliness of woman till the value of my whole existence seemed pressed into that one moment of sight; and I have listened to music till my tears came, and my brain swam



dizzily—yet when I turned away I wished that the beauty of the woman had been perfecter, and my lips parted at the intensest ravishment of that dying music, with an impatient feeling that its spell was unfinished. I used to wonder when I was a boy how Socrates knew that this world was not enough for his capacities, and that his soul therefore was immortal. It is no marvel to me now.

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IMITATED FROM GOETHE.

WHAT song, amidst his festal halls,  
Has caught the monarch's ear?  
'A minstrel stands without the walls.'  
'Lead in the minstrel here!'  
Exclaims the royal sire.  
On welcome errand speeds the page,  
The minstrel comes; with locks of age,  
But eye and soul of fire.

'Hail! noble Lords, and gentle Dames!'  
He glanced his eyes around;  
'Stars upon stars,' he cried, 'whose names  
'The minstrel's harp would fain resound,  
'But, O my eyes, forbear!  
'I've something here to do, beside  
'Gazing on beauty, pomp and pride,  
'With wild, unmanner'd stare.'

He closed his eyelids on the light.  
Then fast the full tones came;  
While fiercely upward gazed the knight,  
Intently down, the dame,  
Delighted with the strain,  
While knight and lady proffer praise,  
The monarch better praises pays,  
'Bring forth a golden chain!'

'But not to me, such present bring:  
'Let it be his, whose spear  
'Is firmest couched for God and King,  
'When danger draweth near.  
'Or let thy man of state  
'The splendid golden burden wear,  
'With all the loads that he must bear,  
'The loads of being great.



' I sing, like birds that on the breeze  
 ' Or in the branches dwell,  
 ' Their glad songs, bursting when they please,  
 ' Reward the songsters well.  
     ' And their reward is mine.  
 ' But wouldst thou still some gift impart,  
 ' Give me—'t will warm this aged heart—  
     ' A glass of purest wine.'

Then flew his blood in quicker tide.  
 He raised his withered hand.  
 ' Joy in these festal halls abide !  
     ' And peace in all the land !  
         ' And now, good friends, adieu !  
 ' Remember me when gone abroad,  
 ' And give as hearty thanks to God,  
     ' As I shall give to you.'

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THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

OF all the known laws of nature, none seems so universal as that which demands in all things a constant fluctuation. Naturalists have remarked its predominance in the system of physical existence. The planets maintain their places, only by a series of complicated motions; the sea and air are both subject to successive and unceasing ebbs and flows; the life of animals and plants is but a sequence of countless changes; even the 'great globe itself' has been shattered by convulsions the most portentous and astonishing. The intellectual and moral, no less than the physical world, supply abundant evidence of this universal mutability. Governments and laws, religion and philosophy, bear about them strange marks of the changes they have suffered, and, among the rest, the Republic of Letters can tell of singular and unimagined revolutions.

If we trace back its history but four or five centuries, we find it consisting of a few enthusiastic scholars, who spent their lives in wandering from monastery to monastery, in search of ancient manuscripts, and in copying them, when found, with their own hands, supremely happy at being able to restore a corrupted passage, or explain an obscure allusion; a few hair-splitting schoolmen, deeply versed in all the mysteries of entities and quiddities, who proudly undertook to investigate every branch of knowledge, human and divine, by mere dint of reasoning, and who were ready, at half an hour's warning, to dispute with any opponent *de omni scibili et qui-*



*busdam aliis*—concerning all things knowable, and some things else ; a few monks, who, unable to endure the religious idleness in which their brethren slept away the time, amused themselves with composing rude chronicles, or inventing miraculous legends in honor of holy church and their patron saint ; a few manufacturers of romances, who rendered the old metrical histories of Huon and Ronaldo, Arthur and Sir Tristram, into rambling prose ; and now and then a poet—for when was the sacred muse entirely silenced ?—witness the well known names of Dante, William de Lorris, and Chaucer.

If the number of writers was small, the readers were not numerous. The monks hoped not to be known beyond the walls of their own abbey ; the schoolmen were satisfied if their deep disquisitions were studied and applauded at the universities ; the scholars trusted their fame to the pious care of the few disciples whom they were able to inspire with their own devoted enthusiasm ; while the romancers and the poets had no higher ambition, than now and then to dispel the *ennui* of some ducal court or baronial castle. Such was then the republic of letters. Grave and clerkly were all its members, men by no means deficient in genius or in learning, but so small was their number, and so slight their influence, that all their exertions availed little more towards humanizing those barbarous and bloody times, than do the scattered sunbeams which struggle through a thunder cloud towards soothing the dark and angry sea which trembles under the influence of the coming storm.

Pass over the intervening years, and, in our times, the republic of letters is a multitude that cannot be counted. The little community late so unknown to fame, has expanded into a mighty empire ; and it seems as if the edict of another Caracalla had gone forth, proclaiming that all the world may claim the privilege of citizenship. The fair sex, in a body, have been repeatedly welcomed as members of the great literary fraternity ; a scholar and a gentleman are almost synonymous terms ; and what with newspapers and magazines and reviews, and all those other turnpike roads to Parnassus which this age has discovered, few and unhappy are the individuals, (if indeed there be any such,) who have not solaced themselves with a sip or two of the Castalian fountain.

Indeed, there are not wanting those, who appear to anticipate a sort of intellectual millennium, when we shall no longer be obliged to thank nature for the modicum of sense she may have blessed us with, as it will be in every man's power to be as wise and as witty as he pleases. Whether we can reasonably expect such a consummation, how devoutly soever it may be wished for, is, perhaps, a little doubtful ; for there are some philosophers, and deep ones too, who have ever maintained, that dunces are an indispensable part of creation. And to confess the truth, though books and readers have



multiplied beyond calculation, folly still maintains her ground. She flourishes her sword of lath with as much effect as ever, and seems in no imminent danger of being compelled to resign it. It is true she talks learnedly enough of poems and chemistry, novels and geology, and is possessed of a thousand scholarly accomplishments besides. But she is vain and light headed as she ever was, and all her fine accomplishments only serve to make her the more ridiculous. It happens to her as it did to the poor fool, whose grimaces were only rendered the more observable by the gaudy rags with which he had decorated his dress.

But though it is, unfortunately, too true, that "wit and wisdom are born with a man," and that books never can complete the work which nature, through frolic or design, has left unfinished, it must be confessed that this universal diffusion of literature is attended with the happiest consequences. Milton, somewhere in his prose writings, proposes, that, since, from the constitution of their nature, mankind must be indulged in occasional recreations, theatres, as was the case in ancient Greece, should be erected at the public expense, where might be represented actions of such dignity and pathos, as would tend to refine the minds of the people, to meliorate their manners, and fill their souls with generous and noble sentiments. This is, undoubtedly, a poetical idea, but the design proposed is a thousand times better answered by a taste for reading being so generally diffused, that every quiet little sitting-room becomes, as it were, a scene, on which successively appear the gay and glorious creatures of Shakspeare's fancy, the lofty creations of Milton's own imagination, Spencer's elfin knights with all their train of allegorical attendants, and in their turn, too, the humbler, but not less instructive or entertaining personages who figure in the page of the historian and the novelist. The meanest occupation is dignified, when the intervals of leisure which it allows are devoted to letters, and if the higher ranks of society wish to maintain their relative standing, they must make a corresponding advance in intellectual refinement. Undoubtedly, all the inferior members of the literary republic are infinitely benefited by the enlargement of its boundaries; but a doubt may arise, whether the writers have equal cause with the readers for self-congratulation. It is not utterly impossible, that the present flourishing state of literature is partly illusive. As the flood widens, it becomes more shallow; and there is some reason to fear that a universal taste for letters may have for its companion a universal mediocrity of genius.

Individuals are, to a considerable degree, the masters of their own fortunes, but states, communities, and masses of men, seem to be almost completely under the control of circumstances, giving back the image of those external accidents which affect them, as faithfully as a sheet of water reflects the alternate brightness and blackness of



the sky. He who contemplates the progress of letters from rudeness to refinement, from natural strength and beauty to artificial force and elegance, will often feel the truth of this remark. He will not be able to resist the conviction, that the harshness and rusticity of the authors of one age, and the affectation and fopperies which characterize those of another, are not to be ascribed exclusively to the talents and taste of the individual writers. And while he is careful not to overlook, in his zeal for a system, those inequalities of ability, which daily experience convinces us are so obvious and so frequent, he will see reason to believe, that the peculiar character of every school of literature, may be, to a great degree, accounted for, by carefully studying the circumstances under which it was formed.

If we examine the history of letters under the influence of these impressions, we shall discover three eras which principally merit the attention of the philosophical inquirer. The first is that which is rendered famous by the introduction of literature into a nation, or, if not by first introducing it, at least, by first drawing it forth from academic shades and cloistered retreats, and bringing it home, as it were, to "the bosoms and business" of mankind. Nothing pleases like novelty. Literature, when it first comes into fashion, its fine gloss not yet worn by the hands, or its bright colors stained by the breath of the multitude, is a badge of no vulgar honor. It is the glorious distinction of a chosen few, who look upon it with a high wrought enthusiasm as the sign which marks its possessors extraordinary, and plainly shows

'They are not in the rolls of common men.'

Princes and nobles and the great ones of the earth strive for the honors of authorship, and men of genius and learning receive attentions which no subsequent age sees repeated. Ennius was the inseparable companion of the elder Africanus; all the crowned heads of Europe contended for the honor of entertaining Erasmus; and Spencer could boast the friendship of such men as Sidney, Raleigh and Leicester. Such patronage is not to be undervalued. Yet it is but one among many concurring circumstances which exert the happiest influence over the writers of this age. The poets, in particular, enjoy high and peculiar advantages;

'The world is all before them—where to choose—'

The wild traditions, the strange superstitions, the half historical and half fabulous remembrances of a rude and illiterate people, the very choicest materials for poetry, are yet flourishing in unpruned luxuriance. And these early poets may well be compared to the first discoverers of some rich, but hitherto unknown region. Subsequent adventurers may, perhaps, penetrate farther into the interior, and may



give a more intelligible account of the soil, the climate, the productions, the natural beauties and artificial elegances of the new country, but none return so richly laden with substantial spoils, as the first authors of the discovery.

We accordingly find, that, in every language, the early authors who maintain their reputation, are, with very few exceptions, poets. Not because prose composition is unknown or undervalued, but because those circumstances, which peculiarly favor the fiery spirit of poetry, ill agree with the 'cool element' of prose. For good prose requires such a cultivated taste, such a disciplined and discriminating judgment, a mind so entirely swayed by reason, and so little under the influence of imagination, as it would be in vain to seek for in those early and easily believing times.

This is the first act of the great literary drama. But the play goes on, and in process of time learning ceases to be so peculiar a distinction. All the upper classes are educated; and though the country 'squire, in those happy regions which are blessed with this curious specimen of humanity, is too much engaged in fox hunting to be much a scholar; though the farmer minds his plough, and the mechanic his forge, undisturbed by poetic or philosophic visions, there is gradually formed a large and well disciplined body of readers and writers, who begin to have a very perceptible influence on the public mind. Sciolists and pretenders to learning no doubt abound; but a great proportion of those who take an interest in literature, being persons of considerable leisure and some education, are actually capable of thinking as well as of reading.

If the preceding period was peculiarly favorable to poetry, this is the era of good prose. Repeated composition has refined and harmonized the language; and the authors of this age, discarding the unending and untunable sentences of their predecessors, write with terseness, simplicity, elegance, and force. The rapturous, but deceptive excitement of preceding times, subsides into a temper, calm and scrutinizing. The easy faith that believed all things, is succeeded by a skepticism that inquires and doubts. Here is a new vein of originality opened. The old systems of religion, philosophy, and politics are to be scrupulously examined, and the pillars and arches which are found inadequate to support the superincumbent edifice, are to be demolished and rebuilt. Both readers and writers enter with zeal and spirit into the investigation of these new and interesting questions, and the authors of this, as well as of the preceding age, enjoy the choice privilege of gathering in the first harvest of a virgin soil.

But the 'ever-whirling wheel of time' keeps on its dizzy revolutions, and at length, in these latter days, we are called upon to stand up, and show what spirit we are of. Alas!—and is there any one



among us so self-confident, that he can cast his eye over the spacious realms and golden empires which our fathers have subdued, and not sympathize with the young Alexander—not drop a tear lest there should be no kingdoms left for us to conquer?

Horace boasts that he was the first who transfused the spirit of Grecian lyric poetry into the Latin tongue.\* Lucretius consoles himself for the difficulty of his subject, by the reflection that he is treading untrodden paths, drawing from untouched fountains, and gathering poetic flowers where none ever gathered them before.† Milton, in the beginning of *Paradise Lost* proposes to sing

‘ Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.’

These poets had a just conception of literary merit. It is originality and originality alone, that confers any valuable and lasting reputation. And have we not some reason to fear that we are ‘born in an age too late,’ to aspire to this pre-eminent excellence? Has not the boldest literary adventurer of the times, room for suspicion that he can hope for nothing better than to be the Longinus or Boethius of a declining literature, the ardent admirer or the elegant copyist of an excellence which he feels he never can emulate? Poetry and philosophy have been rifled of their sweets. The fairy land of imagination, the rich domains of reason have been ravaged and ransacked. It seems as if there were no solid ground left; as if those among us who aspire to add new provinces to the empire of letters, must plunge into that

‘ Dark

Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
Without dimension; where length, breadth and height,  
And time and space are lost; where eldest Night  
And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold  
Eternal anarchy;—

and if, as the poet assures us, the arch fiend himself stood on the edge of this wild abyss, pondering his voyage; can any one of mere mortal mould be expected rashly to undertake the adventure?

\* Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos  
Deduxisse Modos.

*Horat. Carmen. lib. iii. ode xxx.*

† Nec me animi fallit quam sint obscura; sed acri  
Percussit thyrsos laudis spes magna meum cor,  
Et simul incussit suavem mi in pectus amorem  
Musarum: quo nunc instinctus, mente vigenti  
Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante  
Trita solo: juvat integros accedere fonteis  
Atque hauriri: juvatque novas decerpere flores  
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam  
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ.

*Lucret. De Rerum Natura, lib. i. v. 921—927.*

The universal diffusion of literature in our times has already been noticed. Nothing so much shows the natural equality of mankind, as the circumstance, that no accomplishment long remains the peculiar distinction of a few. 'The sweet lady muses' who once dwelt in palaces and had princes for their playfellows, are now the inmates of every cottage. That they carry civility, refinement, and the best of moral influences with them has been most willingly conceded; but it may well be questioned whether this multiplicity of readers does not exert a baneful influence on the writers of the age.

Gonzalo's imaginary commonwealth has never yet been realized; least of all, that part of which admits

'No occupation—all men idle, all—  
And women too;'

and while the old rule holds, that all who would live must work, it is unreasonable to expect any great maturity of judgment, or correctness of taste in that large portion of the reading world whose souls are in their warehouses and workshops, and who regard books only as a source of occasional amusement. But no man, and above all, no author, is so free from vanity, as to be insensible to popular applause. All desire to be praised and admired, even by those whom they despise; and when an epic, manufactured in six weeks, and a 'Lady of the Lake' in half that time, shall gain for the poet the praise of ten thousand tongues, how can we expect, that, sacrificing present notoriety to future glory, he will devote years to a single work, write and rewrite, erase and blot, till the gross and heavy substance which clogged and obscured his first conceptions, is purged away; till meaning breathes in every sentence, and fire sparkles in every line—laboring on in poverty and sickness; living above the world while he is in it; scorning pleasure, contemning wealth, a stranger to gaiety, scarcely tasting of domestic endearments or social delights,\* and this, too, with the prospect before him, that when he presents his countrymen with the fruits of his toil, they will

'Like the base Judean, throw a pearl away  
Richer than all their tribe,'

reject and spurn the giver—who has the heroic spirit to undergo all this, even though Fame herself should stoop from heaven, and whisper in his ear a promise of immortality?

Byron, in his famous satire, accuses Sir Walter Scott of writing more for love of money than zeal for letters. The charge has some appearance of truth. But it is somewhat surprising, that one who affected singularity so much as did Lord Byron, should follow the example of all commonplace advisers since the world began—tell

\* *Obterendæ sunt omnes voluptates; relinquenda studia delectationis; ludus, jocus, convivium sermo est pene familiarium deserendus. Cicero, Oratio pro M. Coelio. chap. 19.*



what ought to be done, and then show by his own conduct, what ought to be avoided. It certainly was ill advised in the noble poet, so rashly to betray his own and his brethren's infirmity. The laborer is doubtless worthy of his hire; but it is in literature as in religion, he who receives his good things in this life, ought not to expect to be carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.

British journalists, as every body knows, have brought a charge against America, that she produces no great writers. Perhaps the safest answer would be to retort the charge, and assure our transatlantic brethren, that we are only sick of the same disorder which has brought them so near death's door.

*' Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
Regumque turres.'*

More than a quarter of the nineteenth century has already elapsed, yet how few permanent additions has it made to English literature. The varied and exuberant beauties of the Waverley novels, have gained for Sir Walter Scott a lasting name; and the exquisitely harmonious diction, the graceful fancy and the rich humor of our own Irving, promise to secure him a permanent reputation; but what other of all our contemporary authors, can justly anticipate the proud distinction of standing in the first rank of English classics? Byron, no doubt, has many enthusiastic admirers; but contemporary fame, and, most of all, the fame of a poet among his contemporaries, is extremely delusive. Sylvester once had more admirers than Shakspeare, and Cleiveland eclipsed the rising reputation of Milton. Byron undoubtedly possessed great talents, but instead of treasuring up his strength for one great effort, he wasted it on a thousand unworthy subjects. Like most of his contemporaries he has written much and finished nothing; and already the hasty and uncemented structure of his fame trembles from its foundations. Wordsworth too, wants neither admirers nor imitators, and perhaps the disciples of this school console themselves for their master's want of present popularity by the examples which have just been mentioned. Let them beware how they deceive themselves.\* Some writers are so extremely unfortunate as to be neglected by their own age, and forgotten by posterity. He who wishes for rational admiration ought to write intelligibly. It is as difficult to admire as it is to believe what we cannot understand. Byron and Wordsworth are in some respects much alike. Both seem to feel the impulses of poetic inspiration,

\* We differ from our able correspondent here. We think time will mellow rather than corrode the fame of Wordsworth. If we have not wholly mistaken its temper, his is a more enduring poetry than Byron's—far more enduring than that of all other of his contemporaries. He will stand out from his age, we doubt not, as Shakspeare and Milton do from theirs, and be more studied and better appreciated century after century, as they are.

but to feel them imperfectly. Both seem to clutch at some ideal vision of beauty and magnificence, which forever eludes their grasp. We now and then catch glimpses of their meaning, but they are continually rivalling the obscurity of the Delphic prophetess.

But why pursue this criticism further. Why, like the fantastic pursuivants that flitted around Dun-Edin's cross the night before the fatal battle of Flodden, call off the names of the 'gallant and the gay' who are doomed to a long oblivion? Time needs no herald. Already has he marked his victims, already are they wasting away beneath his touch.

This may seem but a gloomy picture of the present prospects of literature. It is drawn in a spirit, not of exultation, but of sadness. And let those who are disgusted by its dark and sullen tints, prove it to be false, by producing two or three original works of sterling value—a *Fairy Queen*, an *Amelia*, a *Spectator*, a *History* like Hume's, or an *Essay* like Locke's, and they will find no one so ready to acknowledge their merits and sound their praises, no admirer so fond, and no friend so true, as he who now tells of barrenness and decay.

H.

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THE SHUNAMITE.\*

It was a sultry day of summer time.  
The sun pour'd down upon the ripen'd grain  
With quivering heat, and the suspended leaves  
Hung motionless. The cattle on the hills  
Stood still, and the divided flock were all  
Laying their nostrils to the cooling roots,  
And the sky look'd like silver, and it seem'd  
As if the air had fainted, and the pulse  
Of nature had run down, and ceas'd to beat.

'Haste thee, my child!' the Syrian mother said,  
'Thy father is athirst'—and from the depths  
Of the cool well under the leaning tree,  
She drew refreshing water, and with thoughts  
Of God's sweet goodness stirring at her heart,  
She bless'd her beautiful boy, and to his way  
Committed him. And he went lightly on,  
With his soft hands press'd closely to the cool  
Stone vessel, and his little naked feet  
Lifted with watchful care, and o'er the hills,

\* 2 Kings iv. 18—37.



And thro' the light green hollows, where the lambs  
Go for the tender grass, he kept his way,  
Wiling its distance with his simple thoughts,  
Till, in the wilderness of sheaves, with brows  
Throbbing with heat, he set his burden down.

Childhood is restless ever, and the boy  
Stay'd not within the shadow of the tree,  
But with a joyous industry went forth  
Into the reapers' places, and bound up  
His tiny sheaves, and plaited cunningly  
The pliant withs out of the shining straw,  
Cheering their labor on, till they forgot  
The very weariness of their stooping toil  
In the beguiling of his earnest mirth.  
Presently he was silent, and his eye  
Closed as with dizzy pain, and with his hand  
Press'd hard upon his forehead, and his breast  
Heaving with the suppression of a cry,  
He uttered a faint murmur, and fell back  
Upon the loosen'd sheaf, insensible.

They bore him to his mother, and he lay  
Upon her knees till noon—and then he died !  
She had watch'd every breath, and kept her hand  
Soft on his forehead, and gaz'd in upon  
The dreamy languor of his listless eye,  
And she had laid back all his sunny curls,  
And kiss'd his delicate lip, and lifted him  
Into her bosom, till her heart grew strong—  
His beauty was so unlike death ! She leaned  
Over him now, that she might catch the low  
Sweet music of his breath, that she had learn'd  
To love when he was slumbering at her side  
In his unconscious infancy—

—"So still !

'Tis a soft sleep ! How beautiful he lies,  
With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins  
Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek !  
How could they say that he would die ! Oh God !  
I could not lose him ! I have treasured all  
His childhood in my heart, and even now,  
As he has slept, my memory has been there,  
Counting like ingots all his winning ways—  
His forgotten sweetness.—

—"Yet so still !—

How like this breathless slumber is to death !  
I could believe that in that bosom now  
There were no pulse—it beats so languidly !

I cannot see it stir ; but his red lip !—  
 Death would not be so very beautiful !  
 And that half smile—would death have left *that* there ?  
 —And should I not have felt that he would die ?  
 And have I not wept over him ?—and pray'd  
 Morning and night for him ?—and *could* he die ?  
 —No—God will keep him. He will be my pride  
 Many long years to come, and this fair hair  
 Will darken like his father's, and his eye  
 Be of a deeper blue when he is grown ;  
 And he will be so tall, and I shall look  
 With such a pride upon him !—*He* to die !"  
 And the fond mother lifted his soft curls,  
 And smiled, as if 'twere mockery to think  
 That such fair things could perish—  
 —Suddenly

Her hand shrunk from him, and the color fled  
 From her fix'd lip, and her supporting knees  
 Were shook beneath her child. Her hand had touch'd  
 His forehead, as she dallied with his hair—  
 And it was cold—like clay ! Slow—very slow  
 Came the misgiving that her child was dead.  
 She sat a moment and her eyes were clos'd  
 In a still prayer for strength, and then she took  
 His little hand and press'd it earnestly—  
 And put her lip to his—and look'd again  
 Fearfully on him—and then, bending low,  
 She whisper'd in his ear, " My son !—My son !"  
 And as the echo died, and not a sound  
 Broke on the stillness, and he lay there still,  
 Motionless on her knee—the truth *would* come !  
 And with a sharp, quick cry, as if her heart  
 Were crush'd, she lifted him and held him close  
 Into her bosom—with a mother's thought—  
 As if death had no power to touch him there !

\* \* \* \* \*

The man of God came forth, and led the child  
 Unto his mother, and went on his way.  
 And he was there—her beautiful—her own—  
 Living and smiling on her—with his arms  
 Folded about her neck, and his warm breath  
 Breathing upon her lips, and in her ear  
 The music of his gentle voice once more !

Oh for a burning word that would express  
 The measure of a mother's holy joy,  
 When God has given back to her her child  
 From death's dark portal. It surpasseth words.



## REVIEW.

THE LITERARY REMAINS OF THE LATE HENRY NEELE, *consisting of Lectures on English Poetry, Tales, and other Miscellaneous Pieces, in Prose and Verse.* Smith, Elder & Co. London.

THERE is a feeling mingled up with our admiration of genius when not absolutely of the first order, which gives our interest in its possessor almost the character of an affection. The 'tall spirits' of our race win from us, for the time, a louder admiration, and we are ever ready, in the triumph of supreme power, or the terrible beauty of the poet's madness, or the dizzy reach of philosophy into the depths of Heaven, to forget the lesser and more familiar spirits, who walk our own sphere, and dream dreams like ours, and make our daily interests the subject of their analysis or the burthen of their song. There is an exciting mystery in the solitary path of greatness, which absorbs and bewilders us while its splendid results are flashing upon our eyes. Our wonder is a species of worship, a phantasm of idolatry, which, however earnest in itself, and flattering to its object, is both too indefinite and too violent to endure. We are dazzled and exhausted with so much abstract admiration. We need the refreshment of our sympathies to sustain us in that thin atmosphere, and we come down to those whom we can love and appreciate while we admire, and cling to them with a closer regard for our sometime forgetfulness. It is the difference of the sun and the stars. Our affections awake, and our better nature has a freer pulse under the shining of those timid and pure lamps hung up in the darkness; and though the sun has more glory, it is only on the stars that our look lingers, and our eyes are not pained with contemplation.

It is on this principle, perhaps, that in history we are more interested for the courtier than the king; and, in the story of a battle, remember the daring of the boy longer than the chivalry of the knight; and even in fiction, the perfections of the hero are often forgotten in the weaknesses or humble virtues of the inferior characters. We love the unfortunate Mary more than the regal Elizabeth, Buckingham better than Charles, Ariel better than Prospero, Gulnare better than Medora. We would rather be the Knight of the Leopard with the stolen love of Edith, than Richard Plantagenet with the proper duty and the allowed service of the stately Berengaria.

In our sympathy with genius, too, there is something in the mere possibility of doing its possessor service, which involves the heart.

Who ever dreamed that he could have lent Milton an arm in his blindness, or comforted Dante in his imprisonment, or softened the frozen misanthropy of Byron; and yet who has ever read of Chatterton and Keats and Shelley, and the lamented subject of our present criticism, without a feeling of impatient regret that he could not have been there to comfort them under neglect, or want, or bitter disappointment, and assure them of a coming and just appreciation. It is not that they are not finer spirits than ourselves, and have not written that which we never could have written—but they are like magicians whose wand we have handled, and the rime of whose incantation is in our own language, and familiar to our own memory. We can bring them in imagination to our firesides, and link them with common associations, and feel that they have natures like our own, save a higher tendency and a happier direction; and when we read their books, it is not with unmingled wonder and astonishment at power we cannot comprehend, but it is gazing on resemblances of our own airy castles, and shapes which, in our vanity, we half believe to be shadows of ourselves, and our capacities as they might have been but for the cares of life, and the leaden influence of riches.

It is with this feeling of fellowship and regard, that we read the works of Henry Neele. They are of that character which wins most upon the feelings, and gives the best security for the heart of the writer. Not only do we know that he would have sympathized with all our impressions of beauty, and our more secret because finer and more elevated sentiment, but we are satisfied that he was a *pure* man. Extreme refinement of taste can only be the gift of the virtuous. Vice, grossness—anything that dims the purity of the soul—destroys the fine vision, and deadens the quick ear, and blunts the acute sensibilities. The very organs of taste are lost by the debasement of the mind to which they minister. This is true only in a degree of other kinds of talent. Power and strong pathos, though dependant upon taste to a degree, are not made up of it. Our passions can be wrought upon without any very nice discrimination of its lights and shadows. But in the works of taste and feeling, there can be no error in our appreciation of the writer. If his perceptions are delicate, and his thoughts separated, not only from palpable grossness, but from the remoter links of impure allusion, we are certain of his character. We read his books as we would talk with a friend, and cherish him, as we do Addison and Gray and Roscoe—with a memory of love.

The genius of Henry Neele was rather one of taste than talent. His poetry seems to have been a natural result of a rare sense of



beauty—the expression of pleasure in the loveliness of outward things, and the fine creations of other and loftier spirits than his own. He was evidently a man of delicate and acute senses ; possessing what Wordsworth finely phrases,

‘ An inevitable ear,  
And an eye practised like a blind man’s touch.’

With little or no creative power, he had a peculiar faculty of appreciation, and relished, to a degree unknown to most readers, the hidden meanings, and the sweet refinements of poetry. There is a class of men in the world, (and we are not certain that Henry Neele did not belong to them,) who are meant to be the happiest of God’s creatures—but not poets. It is reserved for them to walk the inner temples of nature, and hear harmonies inaudible to their fellow men, and find out the secrets of subtle beauty, and the links of fine mysteries. They are like seeing men in a world of the blind ; or hearing men in a world of the deaf. It is as if the mortal film were already removed, and they could see into another sphere. The earth is a different place to them, and they walk it like angels, with a higher knowledge, and a far more elevated conception and enjoyment of its cunning workmanship. With all this, they have no originating power, and therefore it is that we say they should not be poets. They have, it is true, finer faculties than their fellow men, but they are faculties meant to gladden their own bosoms, and gratify those who can come familiarly and delight in them. The friendships of men thus gifted are invaluable. Their love is beautiful, because it is always elevated and refined. They are the light of the circle in which they move, and go on through life, if their feelings are not embittered, giving pleasure to all around them, and winning deep measures of respect and affection. To a certain extent they will write beautiful poetry, and it is well if they can be made to consider it only as an elegant accomplishment, and a pleasant gift among friends. It will pass well with their indulgent appreciation and its local interest, but it is not strong enough to come out and wrestle with criticism, and be committed without fear to the burning ordeal of time. It is the dissonant quality of such finely mingled natures, that they are ambitious. They feel that they are superior to those about them, and they would win from others the tribute they have themselves given from the very depths of their souls to genius. They know from their own thrilling bosoms the splendid idolatry men pay to intellectual power, and they would themselves be the magicians to shew us spirits of their own calling up, and unfold to us a universe of their own unassisted crea-

tion. It is not enough to stand aside and enjoy these things with a finer relish than other men. They must have a like triumph with the great mover, and a like niche in the temple of human fame; and when, from their real taste, and minds imbued with the color of their acquisitions, they start with a bright promise, and are cried up by the undiscerning as fair candidates for the palm, they are confirmed in their giddy delusion, and press upward—till, suddenly, their wings melt, and the cold truth of public opinion comes home to them, and they are confounded, as if the thunder had stricken them down.

We would not say that Henry Neele should never have written at all, but we would say that he should not have been ambitious of fame as a poet. He has, it is true, left us some poetry which we would not have lost, and would not willingly forget; but it is his prose by which he will be remembered. Creative power, which he had not, is necessary to poetry. Taste and knowledge are sufficient for prose, and these he had abundantly. He was a skilful critic, and a nervous and chaste narrative writer. If he had confined himself to these, we believe he would have been a happier man—nay, more—we believe it possible it might have saved him from himself. He died by his own hand, “the victim” says his biographer, “of an overwrought imagination.” This is general language, but who shall say what gave the color to his distempered fancy? We know that he had friends—many and ardent ones; that he was respected and beloved by those from whom it was an honor; that he was not the victim of vice, and that his worldly prospects were, at least, fair. There is everything in his previous circumstances to make the world wonder at the catastrophe. Who will tell us why he, to whom it promised so much, wearied of life? We would not seem wiser than our contemporaries, but we believe that the sting of his madness was disappointed ambition. The first draught of praise—a draught whose unmingled and delirious intoxication can never be felt but once, but is worth, in its one magnificent dream, the sum of a hundred common lives—he won by poetry. It chained him to it forever. Poetry was thenceforth his idol. Fame, distinction, were his perpetual dream. Success became the breath of his being, and he died—for even justice was denied him!

We do not think we have stated this too strongly. We believe the influence of unfair criticism to be all, and more, than we have represented. The painful sensitiveness of men of imaginative minds on the subject of their productions, has hitherto been culpably disregarded. We do not refer now to the attacks of the low and the envious. There must be blackguardism in literature, as in everything



else ; but it is ever virulent and personal, and its malice is too visible to injure, and can excite only contempt. We speak of the higher critics—men who are, or ought to be, superior to envy and petty prejudices. From such men injustice in criticism is a heavy thing to bear. It is not the pride of the author which is most offended. Far less is it vanity. He may—he doubtless does—take pleasure in worldly consideration ; but, to the highminded scholar, fame is ever a secondary and incidental thing. Poetry with him is not a mere intellectual product—a web wrought with an unimpassioned and cold skill from dead and passive material. It is a work done in the sanctuary of his own heart. It is his *own* feeling, and his *own* character. Affections, which, by the commonest courtesy of society, it is an outrage to allude lightly to, are there expressed in all their natural truth and fervor. He has lived them over again, and as vividly as at first, in his solitary labor. He has described the passionate impatience of his childhood, and the fiery impulses of his youth, and the deep stirrings of his manhood's many and strong emotions, and they are as sacred and as delicate to him, there—in the visible garb of poetry—as the same feelings kept holy and apart in the silence of other men's bosoms. If you would know how criticism affects such men, try it by this standard. Imagine your best and most sensitive feelings subjected for one moment to the rude handling of men who are bound by no law and less principle to respect them, and to whom ridicule in its most unfeeling guise is a professional indulgence ! It is idle to talk of 'indifference' and the 'contempt of superior mind.' The critic, such as we speak of, is too high in his place for that. He can affect materially the public opinion—not of the author's writings merely—but of his heart and character. He can give to the eyes that pass him in his walks a look of ridicule. He may associate him in the minds of those whose respect is the life of his heart with ludicrous images—nay—he may destroy his own self-confidence—and what is far more, his own self-respect. Is it at all reasonable to look that an author should be insensible to such power ? He may not shew his suffering. He may not at its mention change color, or betray uneasiness. He may, even, in his brighter moments, and among the kind offices of his friends, forget and banish it ; but, in the depression which must come with exhausted strength—when the fever of mind is preying upon him, and his diseased eye sees nothing that is bright, and magnifies tenfold everything that is painful—then it is that the little insults of criticism, and its effect upon the world, are exaggerated to a degree that is insupportable. The false and hasty

judgment of an individual seems to him the voice of universal opinion, and the bitter sneer of the critic fastens on his brain like the poisoned chaplet of Alethe that 'would not come away.'

We remember when the name of Henry Neele was first generally noticed in the English Journals. We remember their criticisms on his poetry, and our then conviction of their utter unreasonableness and cruelty. He was not abused, like Byron. He was not treated with contempt and ridicule, like Wordsworth. He was not heaped, openly, with scorn and bitterness, like Southey. He could have borne these. His pride would have strengthened him. He could have borne even a fair measure of his powers—though it might have undeceived him bitterly. But he could not bear—from the first critics in the kingdom—from the arbiters of the claims of genius for a whole nation—the indifference which is a disguised scorn, the qualified praise, the considerate mercy of their cold encouragement, and, not least, their utter and damning misapprehension of the whole scope and bearing of his powers. He had written after the dictates of his heart. He had dwelt upon beauty. He had searched out the delicate and dainty secrets of nature and feeling. He had looked on the bright side of the world, and cared only for summer, and abandoned himself utterly to the gentle and holy influences for which he alone lived, and which had flowed through his heart like a living stream from his childhood up—and because this was all—because he had confined himself to the bright and beautiful—because his poetry was not drugged with the fierce hatred of Byron, or darkened with the harrowing gloom of the *Inferno*, or sublime like Milton, or supernatural like Schiller and Maturin, or all these, and more, like Shakspeare—for these offences, we say, he was looked coldly on by English reviewers—men who could not, or would not see that he had not attempted all these things—that beauty and not strength, music and not thunder, feeling and sweetness and gentle thoughts, and not frenzy or the bad passions, were his aim and his whole ambition. They gave him no credit for what he had done. Oh no! It was much easier to pity him for what he had *not*. "He never could be a poet, for he had no strength." "His poetry would not live—for where was its powerful description, its intense interest, its thrilling pathos, its horrible catastrophe?" "His conceits were pretty, but tame and effeminate." "Good versification, but no abruptness." "He *might* do something—perhaps, when he was older, he would write better—but with every wish for his success, they feared his poetry would not outlive him." Oh the cant of criticism! Is beauty nothing? Is music nothing? Are our better and purer natures



nothing—the sunshine, and the dew, and the blessed air of heaven—all nothing? Is there but one excellence in writing—power?—but one object in poetry—horror?—but one feature in the universe of God—the terrible and strong? Ay—but you “must have your antitheses.” “It is dull to praise always.” You “must damn an author now and then for variety.” Your “Review must live!” And so, to spice an article—to amuse the idle hour of a reader—the hopes of a deserving writer are crushed, and his heart broken!

We do not mean to say that Henry Neele's poetry was unexceptionable, or that fault should not have been found with it in criticism. We object to nothing that is true, be it ever so severe. But we would have had his taste admitted—his perceptions of beauty admitted—his purity and refinement and tenderness admitted. And then—if his peculiar walk in poetry was not to the taste of the critic—if it was too spiritual, too quiet, too exclusively beautiful—I would have him say so, candidly and fairly, and not freeze the unhappy writer with faint praise for qualities he did not possess, and neglect, wholly, the excellencies at which he alone aimed.

We are as much an enemy to the sentimentality of writing as any one. We have been as much annoyed by boarding school poetry, and lack-a-daisical prettyisms. But we dislike equally the morbid depravity of taste, which craves only a constant and unnatural excitement. One of two things must be true:—the reviewers of the day are, as a class, men of impure taste: or reviewing, to be palatable to periodical readers, must be reckless and extravagant. If the former is true, there should be a remedy in public opinion, and if the latter, it is high time that the tone was changed, and the best feelings of our race were secured from outrage. There can be no objection to fair criticism. A manly and respectful disapprobation never awoke resentment in the breast of a sensible writer. It is the injustice, the misapprehension, the malice of criticism that rankles.

But we are dwelling too long upon this. It may be for the health of literature that reviewers should exist, but we cannot but feel while so many instances have come to our knowledge of fine spirits crushed and embittered—while, even in our own time, Keats and Neele have probably died, and Byron and Shelley have been estranged from their best tendencies by insulting and unjust criticism—that there should be, upon so much and so arbitrary power, a restraint sufficient to keep it wholesome and humane.

The work before us is a considerable volume, containing principally those literary remains of Henry Neele, which have not been before

collected in a formal book. A brief but interesting biographical sketch is placed at the beginning, of which the following extracted passages will give a hasty outline.

"The late Henry Neele was the second son of a highly respectable map and heraldic engraver in the Strand, where he was born January 29th, 1798; and upon his father's removing to Kentish Town, was there sent to school, as a daily boarder, and continued at the same seminary until his education was completed. At this academy, though he became an excellent French scholar, yet he acquired little Latin, and less Greek; 'and, in fact, displayed no very devoted application to, or even talent for, study of any sort: with the exception of poetry.'

"Having made choice of the profession of law, he was, upon leaving school, articled to a respectable attorney; and, after the usual period of probationary experience, was admitted to practice, and commenced business as solicitor.

"It was during the progress of his clerkship, in Jan. 1817, that Henry Neele made his first appearance as an author, by publishing a volume of Poems; its contents were principally lyrical, and the ill fated Collins was, avowedly, his chief model.

"In July, 1820, Mr. Neele printed a new edition of his Odes, &c., with considerable additions; and in March, 1823, published a second volume of dramatic and miscellaneous Poetry, dedicated by permission to Miss Joanna Baillie.

"Ardent and enthusiastic in all his undertakings, Mr Neele's literary industry was now amply evinced by his frequent contributions to the Monthly Magazine and other periodicals; as well as to the Forget-Me-Not, and several contemporary annuals. Having been long engaged in studying the poets of the olden time, particularly the great masters of the drama of the age of Queen Elizabeth, for all of whom, but more especially for Shakspeare, he felt the most enthusiastic veneration, he was well qualified for the composition of a series of Lectures on English Poetry, from the days of Chaucer down to those of Cowper, which he completed in the winter of 1826; and delivered, first at the Russell, and subsequently at the Western Literary Institution in the spring of 1827. These Lectures were most decidedly successful; and both public and private opinion coincided in describing them as 'displaying a high tone of poetical feeling in the Lecturer, and an intimate acquaintance with the beauties and blemishes of his criticism.'

"In the early part of 1827, Mr. Neele published a new edition of all his Poems, collected into two volumes; and in the course of the same year produced his last and greatest work, the 'Romance of English History,' which was dedicated, by permission, to his majesty; and though extending to three volumes, and, from its very nature, requiring much antiquarian research, was completed in little more than six months. Flattering as was the general eulogium which attended this publication, yet the voice of praise was mingled with the warnings of approaching evil; and, like the lightning which melts the sword within its scabbard, it is but too certain that the incessant labor and anxiety of mind attending its completion, were the chief sources of that fearful malady which so speedily destroyed him.

"With the mention of a new edition of Shakspeare's Plays, under the superintendence of Mr. Neele as editor, for which his enthusiastic reverence for the poet of 'all time' peculiarly fitted him, but which, for the want of patronage, terminated after the publication of a very few numbers, closes the record of his literary labors, and hastens the narration of that 'last scene of all,' which laid him in an untimely grave. Henry Neele fell by his own hand; the victim of an overwrought imagination. On the morning of Thursday, Feb. 7th, 1828, when he had scarcely passed his thirtieth birth day, he was found dead in his bed, with but too positive evidences of self-destruction. The unhesitating verdict of the coroner's inquest was insanity, as he had exhibited unquestionable symptoms of derangement on the day preceding.

"In person, Mr. Neele was considerably below the middle stature; but his features were singularly expressive, and his brilliant eyes betokened ardent feeling and vivid imagination. Happily, as it has now proved, though his disposition was



in the highest degree kind, sociable, and affectionate, he was not married. His short life passed, indeed, almost without events; it was one of those obscure but humble streams which have scarcely a name in the mass of existence, and which the traveller passes by without inquiring either its source or its direction. His retiring manners kept him comparatively unnoticed and unknown, excepting by those with whom he was most intimate; and from their grateful recollection his memory will never be effaced. He was an excellent son; a tender brother; a sincere friend. He was beloved most by those who knew him best; and at his death, left not one enemy in the world."

Mr. Neele's last and principal work, '*The Romance of History*,' has been republished in this country, and generally read and noticed. We will not stop to speak of it at length, for we presume most of our readers have pronounced for themselves upon its excellence. His '*Lectures upon English Poetry*,' however, which are published for the first time in the work before us, are less known, and a few extracts (all we have room to give,) may be found interesting.

In his Introductory Analysis he remarks:—

"I am constrained to confess that poetry is a mere superfluity and ornament. As Falstaff said of honor, 'it cannot set a leg, or an arm, or heal the grief of a wound; it has no skill in surgery.' Still within the mind of man there exists a craving after intellectual beauty and sublimity. There is a mental appetite, which it is as necessary to satisfy as the corporeal one. There are maladies of mind, which are even more destructive than those of the body; and which, as the sound of the sweet harp of David drove the demon out of Saul, have been known to yield to the soothing influence of poetry."

After speaking of the earliest English poetry, the Monkish Rhymes, the Troubadour Poems, the Metrical Romances of Thomas the Rhymer, Piers Plowman and others, and giving a more extended criticism of Chaucer and his immediate followers, he makes the following interesting remarks upon the Shaksperian age:—

"The reign of Queen Elizabeth is the most illustrious period in the literary history of modern Europe. Much has been said of the ages of Leo the tenth, of Louis the fourteenth, and of Queen Anne, but we are prepared to shew that the literary trophies of the first mentioned period are more splendid and important, than those of all the other three united. We are not alluding merely to what passed in our own country. The superiority of the literary efforts of that age to all the productions of English genius before or since, is too trite a truism to need our advocacy. But it is not so generally known that during the same period the other nations of Europe produced their master spirits; and that Tasso, Camoens, and Cervantes, were contemporary with Shakspeare. Weigh these four names against those of all who have ever written since the revival of learning, to the present time, and the latter will be found to be but as dust in the balance. But, though we have named only the four master spirits of that period, yet there is a troop behind, more numerous than those which were shewn in Banquo's glass. Spenser, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Massinger, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Marino, these are bright names, which cannot be lost, even in the overwhelming splendor of those which we have already mentioned. In Spain and England, literature, and especially dramatic literature, flourished simultaneously; and a similarity of taste and genius appears to have pervaded both nations. Spain appears to be our more natural ally in literature; and, it is a curious fact, that, after the poetry of both nations had for a long period been sunk in tameness and mediocrity, it should at the same time, suddenly spring into pristine vigor and beauty, both in the Island



and in the Peninsula ; for Melandez, Quintana and Gonzalez are the worthy contemporaries of Byron, Wordsworth, Scott and Moore. Two great authors of each nation, have also exhibited some curious coincidences, both in the structure of their minds, and in the accidents of their lives. Ben Jonson fought in the English army against the Spaniards in the Netherlands, and Lope de Vega accompanied the Spanish Armada for the invasion of England. Shakspeare and Cervantes, the profoundest masters of the human heart which the modern world has produced, were neither of them mere scholars shut up in the seclusion of a study ; both were busily engaged in active life, although one merely trod the mimic stage, and the other acted a part in the world's great theatre ; both were afflicted with a bodily infirmity ; Shakspeare was lame, and Cervantes had lost a hand ; and, still a stranger coincidence remains, for both died upon the same day."

In the second Lecture occur the following remarks, which are a little original, and shew the nice discrimination of the writer :—

"Before I proceed farther, it will be requisite to state the sense in which I shall use two words which will necessarily occur very frequently in the course of these Lectures—namely, Genius and Taste. Genius, I should say, is the power of production ; Taste is the power of appreciation. Genius is creation ; Taste is selection. Horace Walpole was a man of great taste, without an atom of genius. Nathaniel Lee was a man of genius, without taste. Dryden had more genius than Pope. Pope had more taste than Dryden. Many instances may be adduced of obesity of taste in men of genius ; especially with reference to their own works. Milton, who had genius enough to produce 'Paradise Lost,' had not taste enough to perceive its superiority over 'Paradise Regained.' Rowe, who produced so many successful tragedies, all of which—although I am no violent admirer of them—possessed a certain degree of merit, valued himself most upon the wretched ribaldry in his comedy of the 'Biter.' Dr. Johnson was proud of his Dictionary, and looked upon the Rambler as a trifle of which he ought almost to be ashamed. The timidity and hesitation with which many juvenile authors have ventured to lay their works before the public, and their surprise when public opinion has stamped them as works of high merit, have been attributed to humility and bashfulness. The fact, however, is often otherwise ; it is not humility, but want of taste. Genius, or the power of producing such works, is not accompanied by taste or the power of appreciating them. Taste is of a later growth in the mind than genius ; and the reason, I think, is obvious. Genius is innate ; a part and portion of the mind ; born with it ; while taste is the result of observation, and inquiry, and experience. However the folly and vanity of ignorance and presumption may have deluged the public with worthless productions, there can be no doubt that the deficiency of taste in men of genius, has deprived the world of many a work of merit and originality. Genius is often startled at the boldness of her own ideas ; while

'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'"

He pays a beautiful and just tribute to Spenser :—

"When we open the volumes of Spenser, we leave this 'working day world,' as Rosalind calls it, behind us. We are no longer in it, nor of it. We are introduced to a new creation, new scenes, new manners, new characters. The laws of nature are suspended or revised. The possible, the probable, and the practicable, all these are thrown behind us. The mighty wizard, whose spell is upon us, waves but his wand, and a new world starts into existence, inhabited by nothing but the marvellous and the wild. Spenser is the very antipodes of Shakspeare. The latter is of the earth, earthly. His most etherial fancies have some touch of mortality about them. His wildest and most visionary characters savor of humanity. Whatever notes he draws forth from his harp, it is the strings of the human heart that he touches. Spenser's hero is always honor, truth, valor, and courtesy, but it is *not* man. His heroine is meekness, chastity, constancy, beauty, but it is *not* woman. His landscapes are fertility, magnificence, verdure, splendor, but they are *not* nature. His pictures have no relief ; they are all light,



or all shadow ; they are all wonder, but no truth. Still do I not complain of them ; nor would I have them other than what they are. They are delightful and matchless in their way. They are dreams ; glorious, soul entrancing dreams. They are audacious, but magnificent falsehoods. They are like the palaces built in the clouds ; the domes, the turrets, the towers, the long drawn terraces, the ærial battlements, who does not know that they have no stable existence ? But who does not sigh when they pass away ?”

His remarks upon Pope are just and somewhat original :—

“ Of Pope, it is scarcely too much to say, that there is not a rough or discordant line in all that he has written. His thoughts, so often brilliant and original, sparkle more brightly by reason of the elegant and flowing rhymes in which they are expressed ; and even when the idea is feeble or common-place, the music of the versification almost atones for it ; the ear is satisfied although the mind is disappointed. Still, it must be confessed, that Pope carries his refinement too far ; his sweetness clogs at last ; his music wants the introduction of discords to give full effect to the harmony. The unpleasant effect produced upon the ear by the frequently running of the sense of one line with another, and especially of continuing the sentence from the last line of one couplet to the first line of the next, Pope felt and judiciously avoided. Still, for the sense always to find a pause with the couplet, and often with the rhyme, will necessarily produce something like tedium and sameness. Succeeding authors have been conscious of this fault in Pope’s versification, and have, in some measure, reverted to the practice of his predecessors. Lord Byron, especially, by pauses in the middle of the line, and by occasionally, but with judgment and caution, running one line into another—enormities at which the poet of whom we are now speaking would have been stricken with horror—has frequently produced effects of which the well tuned, but somewhat fettered lyre of Pope was utterly incapable.”

In his notice of Milton we find the following sensible observations on descriptive writing :—

“ There are indeed few things by which a writer of real genius is more easily known, than by his descriptions. This is the most difficult, and the most delightful chord of the poet’s harp ; and there is, perhaps, nothing in the whole range of poetry which gives such unmixed pleasure, as that descriptive of natural objects ; while at the same time, in nothing is a depraved taste, or a defect of genius, sooner discovered, or more intolerable. A great fault into which descriptive writers too commonly fall, is the vagueness and indistinctness of their pictures : they have no specific likeness. Everything is described in generals. No new ideas are conveyed to the mind ; but a dim and shadowy phantom seems to haunt the brain of the writer. This arises, either from ignorance of the objects described, or from a want of taste to seize and appropriate their characteristic features. Whoever enjoys but faint and imperfect conceptions himself, must fail in presenting any very vivid or striking pictures to others.”

His appreciation of Ossian is very characteristic :—

“ Ossian’s most labored efforts do not strike me as his best. It is in a casual expression, in a single simple incident, that he often startles us by the originality and force of his ideas. What a picture of desolation does he force upon our imagination when describing the ruins of Balclutha by that one unlabored but powerful incident :—‘ The fox looked out from the window.’ The ghost of Crugal, the dim and shadowy visitant from another world is also painted by a single stroke of the pencil :—‘ The stars dim twinkled through his form :’ and the early death of Cormac is prophesied in a simile as original as it is powerful :—‘ Death stands dim behind thee, like the darkened half of the moon behind its glowing light.’ The grand characteristic of Ossian is pathos, as that of Homer is invention, and that of Milton sublimity. Whether he describes scenery, or delineates character, or narrates events, tenderness is the predominating feeling excited in the



mind. His battle pieces impress us more with compassion for the vanquished, than admiration for the victor. We feel more sympathy for the sufferings of his heroines, than we do of delight at their beauty. His heroes, if young, are cut off before their fame is achieved; or if old, have survived their strength and prowess. Even Fingal himself, is at last shewn to us as a feeble ghost, lamenting the loss of his mortal fame and vigor."

We conclude our extracts from these interesting Lectures with the following striking critique upon the most interesting class of Shakspeare's characters.

"How subtle and fine was Shakspeare's knowledge of the human mind! How beautifully has he, in the three characters of Lear, Edgar, and the Fool, discriminated between the real insanity of the first, the assumed madness of the second, and the official buffoonery of the third. Lear's thoughts are ever dwelling on his daughters; his mind is a desert, and that one idea, like the Banana tree, fixes in it its thousand roots, to the exclusion of all others. How different is this from the wild farrago of Mad Tom, who is obliged to talk an unintelligible gibberish, for the purpose of supporting his assumed part; through which his real character is every now and then seen, and discovers itself in a sympathy for the unhappy king. The conversation of the Fool, on the contrary, is composed of scraps of old songs and sayings, which he applies with bitter mirthfulness to the situation of his master. It is also worthy of notice, among those minute beauties which are so often passed over without comment, that, as Lear's misery deepens and increases, the witticisms of the Fool become less frequent; and unable longer to indulge in his jests, he shews his sympathy by his silence. This is finely imagined, and worth all the eloquent sorrow that an ordinary playwright would have indited. In the early part of the tragedy, the Fool is as frequent an interlocutor as Lear himself; but in that powerfully pathetic scene, in which the distracted king imagines, that his daughters are being arranged before him for their crimes, he indulges in only one sorry jest at the beginning, and is afterwards mute; while Edgar also, unable any longer to play the maniac, exclaims,

'My tears begin to take his part so much,  
They'll mar my counterfeiting.'

It is thus that genius effects its noblest triumphs, by identifying its actors with its auditors."

We should like to make farther extracts from this interesting book, but our limits forbid. We think the great fault in them (one which belongs less to the natural powers than the education of the writer) is a want of *sustained* spirit and beauty. He was, evidently, not a man of much mental discipline, and the fine visions floating in his own fancy, are sometimes but dimly shadowed forth to the reader's eye by his irregular pencil. His style is careless, and there is sometimes visible a deficiency of taste in his language, which, for one who had so much taste of perception, is rather surprising; but the evidence throughout his works is that of a beautiful and elevated mind—one that had followed its own bent rather than the direction of schools, and sought out the beauty for which it lived with a caprice and waywardness which after years might have corrected, though perhaps, like the wild grace of a gipsy, it might not be improved by the refinement.



THE DEATH RACE.

Founded on Fact.

THE winds are on the stormy wave,  
 With flapping wings and fitful roar :  
 Just then they sung a merry stave,  
 Now with a shriek they wildly soar,  
 Now laugh by turns and rave.  
 The yesty waves in fierce turmoil  
 All up along the sounding shore  
 Climb faster, faster than before,  
 Then back, like baffled ranks, recoil.

Unlike that bright and balmy day,  
 When here I stood, in merry June,  
 And listened to the lively tune  
 Of winds and waves in frolic play,  
 I saw the distant mountains tall  
 In rich transparent azure roll'd,  
 And sunset throwing over all  
 His radiant robe of quivering gold.

\* \* \* \* \*

A quicker breath was in the trees,  
 The hurrying billows grew more dark,  
 When, sudden, on the freshening breeze,  
 Burst, like an answer to the seas,  
 A stag hound's deep mouth'd bark.  
 And loud and clear the deep bay rung  
 In that lone place like sound of fear,  
 And scarce I trust my startled ear,  
 When, suddenly, there sprung,  
 With foaming limbs, and reeking side,  
 And noble antlers branching wide,  
 A dun-deer on the lead ;  
 And close upon his haunches came,  
 With drooping ears and eye of flame,  
 A hound, forespent with speed.

On comes the stag in furious race ;  
 Without a moment's breathing space,  
 One mighty bound he made, and fell  
 Just where the eddying bubbles ride  
 On the mid current's rapid tide—  
 The staunch hound follow'd well.  
 But different now the struggling strife,  
 Small chance have stag or hound for life,

*The Death Race.*

Within thy surge, now wild and black,  
Thou broad, bright bosom'd Merrimac.

Dark rolls the river to the main ;  
And on its bounding billow down  
Go stag and hound ; but ne'er again,  
By forest glade or mountain brown,  
That hound shall scent the morning air,  
Or rouse the dun-deer from his lair ;  
Down sinks he in the wave.  
Not so the deer. With sinewy limbs,  
And noble heart, for life he swims,  
Oh, that they might but save !  
He nears the land—now, if he gain  
That jutting headland—Oh, in vain !  
Strong rolls the current—soon he'll be  
On the immeasurable sea.

Beyond the wide bay's stedfast strand,  
Stretches a heap of shifting sand :  
A furlong's length, perchance or more,  
It rises from the yellow shore.  
Here the swift river in his pride,  
Fights loudest with the ocean tide,  
When his broad phalanx comes to urge  
Backward the long reluctant surge.  
To this strong breaker, where he whirls  
Up to the skies his howling curls,  
Silent, but swift, in full career,  
Struggling in vain, that good dun-deer  
The blue, deceitful wave doth bear ;  
He may not live a moment there !  
He gains the sand—see ! in his eye,  
Gathers despair's last courage high.  
On come old ocean's dogs ; they glare,  
New fang'd, as for a thousand slaughters,  
When up—how like a thing of air !  
Over the whole bright host of waters  
Seem'd he to bound !—alas ! no more !  
Then burst his heart—his struggle's over,  
And the wild rushing waters cover,  
And tear him as they laugh and roar.

G. L.



## ABORIGINES OF AMERICA.

## NO. I.

EVER since the discovery of America, by Columbus, in 1492, it has been an inquiry of considerable interest with the learned, "what was the origin of its ancient and first inhabitants?" When that enterprising navigator first visited the islands, which skirt the eastern coast of this continent, between the equator and the northern tropic, he found a race of men, by which, according to their own account, the places where they resided, and the vicinity, had been long inhabited. They were in a rude and uncivilized state, it is true ; and their traditions of former and remote events were indistinct and obscure. Yet they had the outlines of a tradition, common to all the native inhabitants of this new world, respecting the deluge, the dispersion of mankind at a very early period, and the emigration of their progenitors from a far distant country to the northwest, to this continent. In his last voyage in 1503, Columbus visited several places on the continent, in the northern parts of South America, where he found the natives more numerous and more civilized. And when the Spaniards, under Cortez, in 1519, '20, landed on this new continent, in the southern part of what is now called North America, penetrated the interior and conquered the city and kingdom of Mexico, they met with a crowded population in most places through which they passed, which, by their buildings, public and private, their gardens and roads, indicated settlements of great antiquity. It is evident from the letters written by Cortez to his royal master in Spain, and from the journals and accounts of others who accompanied him,\* that the opulence, the improvements and general condition of the inhabitants were far superior to those of merely savage tribes ; such as were found, at a later period, in the more northern and eastern parts of the continent. But, unfortunately, little attention was given to the history of the Americans, by the early visitors and conquerors of the country. The leader was chiefly, if not wholly desirous of wealth. He sought for mines of gold and silver, in the bowels of the earth, or for the rich treasures of the Mexican princes. His attendants were occupied by the same objects. Their journals afford only incidental notices of the customs, or of the antiquities and history of that remarkable people.

When visited by the Spaniards in 1520, the Mexicans and other nations in Anahuac, were not, indeed, acquainted with alphabet

\*Bernal Diaz, and the anonymous conqueror ; Herera, Asosta and others who wrote later, but not without great inquiry and research, give a similar account of the country.

writing, or the use of the precious metals as a medium of exchange in the common business of society. But they had the knowledge of fusing metals; for the gold and silver ores which abound in that country, were cast into utensils and vessels, and used in their domestic dwellings and public temples. The people resided in large towns or cities; had permanent cultivations of land and places of fixed abode, which was not the case with all the tribes in the northeast of the continent, nor with mankind, generally, in a rude and savage state. Some of their cities were very extensive and splendid in buildings, and of great population. At the time Mexico was conquered by the Spaniards, it was probably as populous as any city of Asia, excepting Babylon or Nineveh, within 1000 years from the general deluge. The learned Humboldt supposes the population of Anahuac, the name given to the territory now called Mexico, was then much greater than it has been at any period since. The city of Mexico was nine miles in circumference; contained 60,000 buildings, and about 250,000 inhabitants. Some other cities in this quarter were also extensive and populous. The houses were large and elegant, equal to any in old Spain. The country was filled with people, and scarcely a foot of land was uncultivated. The palace in the city of Mexico had twenty doors of entrance, and one hundred rooms; and could conveniently hold 4000 people. These, surely, are proofs of great antiquity and of civilization, as well as of population and wealth.

Among the Mexicans, at this period, were found various hieroglyphic paintings, for perpetuating the knowledge of important events, connected with the history of their race and nation. Nor must these hieroglyphics be confounded with common, rude drawings, which are used by the most savage tribes simply to represent the person or animal which was painted, and which is the earliest and rudest effort to make known an absent object. Some of the Mexican hieroglyphics were used to express general and abstract ideas; and many to record chronological occurrences, which had happened to their ancestors in very remote periods. The learned have to regret, that most of these paintings referred to by the Spaniards who early visited Mexico, are now no more. Some were wantonly destroyed by the military conquerors; some by the bigoted Catholic priests, and some by the natives, to prevent their falling into the hands of their oppressors, and some lost through the carelessness of illiterate persons, into whose hands they fell. Some few indeed were taken from the temples and other public buildings, and sent to Europe, where they were (rudely) copied and published by Purchase, in his collection of voyages, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Some were also collected and described by D. Siguenza, a native Mexican of family and learning, in the seventeenth century;



but from the inattention of his family these have likewise been lost. The MSS. of this very learned Mexican were seen and quoted by Boturini, an Italian, and are probably, still preserved in some library in Italy or Spain, and may be given to the public, through the laborious curiosity of the antiquarian. Irving, in his life of Columbus, says, that there are many such manuscripts in existence. He has availed himself of some of them in preparing that interesting work. Clavigero and others have asserted the same. There is, at present, a particular taste for such researches. The discovery and examination of these MSS. and paintings, would probably, shed further light upon the history of the Mexicans, and their more remote ancestors. It is very possible also, that the attention now given to Egyptian hieroglyphics may lead to results favorable to an explanation of the symbolical paintings and figures of the Mexicans. If the latter people sprang directly from the former, of which we very much doubt, however, or, if indeed, these two people had a common origin, which probably, no one will deny, the knowledge of those of one nation will afford facilities in explaining those of the other. Nothing has yet been discovered to render it certain or probable, that the historical and chronological paintings of these two people were very similar. The hieroglyphics of the Egyptians are now known to be partly symbolical, and partly phonetic, or alphabetic : But those of the Mexicans appear to be wholly symbolical.

The forms of civil government in Anahuac, or Mexico, were also, indicative of some advances towards civilization, from the rude condition of mere savages. The government of Mexico is said, indeed, to have been an absolute monarchy. But laws were in force for the maintenance of justice, without resorting to acts of revenge for personal injury. The Emperor was, also, elected ; and therefore, could not be entirely independent of the people, though possessed of great power. The Tlascalans, an independent and distinct nation, in the country of Anahuac and vicinity of Mexico, had a government of a republican form and character. Besides, such a population as the country contained could not have been regulated except by a competent power in the rulers and a permanent code of laws ; and these are found only among a people who have long been in a settled, social state. The rights of private property were fully acknowledged, and the internal police generally indicated an ancient society. There were different grades and classes of citizens, and the professions were kept wholly distinct ; so that they enjoyed the advantages of a division of labor, on which modern political economists so much insist.

The gardens and the houses of the higher classes of people as well as the public buildings, in Mexico and the neighboring countries, were proof, also, of great progress in civilization, and of very considerable antiquity in the settlements. Their religious worship, too,



had assumed a regularity and system, which are never found among mere savages. The latter, indeed, acknowledge a superior power, which they adore and fear. But it is with little system, and still less of show and ceremony. The Mexicans and other nations in Anahuac, had very costly and magnificent places of worship; and these were as numerous as they were splendid. Their temples, consecrated to "the God of Day," and to "the Queen of Heaven," were of uncommon magnitude, and could not have been constructed but by a population nearly equal to that, by whose labors the pyramids of Egypt were erected. And it is to be observed, that those magnificent edifices were raised, not by the real Mexican race, which had inhabited the country for fifteen generations; but by the Toltecs, a much more ancient race or nation, who, according to the most authentic tradition, settled in Anahuac seven hundred years before the Mexican dynasty began.

It is not our design to speak, particularly, of the religion of the Mexicans, or of the American Indians; but, it may be observed, that they are generally considered as idolators and polytheists; and that in their religious rites, they were addicted to cruelty and blood, but less licentious than the ancient Greek and Roman pagans. If polytheists, however, they generally acknowledged and adored one God as superior to all others, though differently described by them. Still, they believed that the devil, or a wicked malignant spirit had great power in this world to produce evil; and to him they made many sacrifices, to avert his fiendish anger.

The largest pyramidal structure near the city of Mexico is 650 feet in length and 170 feet in height. There is another in the vicinity of nearly the same dimensions. There are also, near the city, the ruins of a military intrenchment, as it is generally believed to be, in the form of a truncated pyramid, of five sides, surrounded by fosses, faced with large stones of porphyry, on which are figures of men, sitting in the Asiatic posture. The two large pyramids are surrounded by a thick wall of stone. Whether the intrenchment was made for military purposes or not, is immaterial in the question of the great antiquity and former immense population of the settlements in Mexico. At Cholula, a city at some distance from Mexico, to the northeast, there is a truncated pyramid, nearly as large as the largest near that city. The remote ancestors of the Mexicans resided at this place, when they first came into the valley of Anahuac from a distant country in the northwest. This pyramid formerly supported an altar sacred to the God of the Air, a being of whom their tradition gave different accounts. Some have supposed it had reference to an Asiatic, who came to their settlement many generations after it commenced, and instructed the people in the arts, of which they were before ignorant; while others, with more probability, believe it intended to represent Noah, who was the great progenitor of man-



kind, and who must have communicated what knowledge he acquired in the antediluvian world to his posterity. Obscure as the traditions of the Mexicans and other Americans are, they all refer to Asiatic events and customs. They refer to the general deluge, to the dispersion of mankind at Babel, and to the subsequent migrations and wanderings of their remote ancestors in a distant country, who came to America by a water passage, who first occupied a region or country far to the north and northwest, and thence travelled south to a warmer climate and finally to their present situation.

In the forests of Papantla, also, at some distance from Mexico, there is a pyramid of remarkable symmetry, but not so large as those before mentioned; it is constructed of stones of porphyry, which are covered with hieroglyphic characters. It may be proper, here to observe, that these artificial masses of earth, and of other materials, as stone and brick, although called pyramids by most travellers and writers, are not altogether like the structures in Egypt, which bear the same name. They differ somewhat in form, and still more in another respect. Those in Mexico are solid masses, or mounds. The Egyptian pyramids contain recesses or rooms, and were used, as is well known, for sepulchres for their kings and princes. The mounds on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, within the United States, are not so regular nor so high as those found in Mexico. They may be almost as ancient; for some of the early inhabitants, coming from the northwest, near Behring's Straits, where they probably passed over from Asia to America, and where they first made temporary settlements, no doubt travelled east and southeast, as others did more directly south; and in process of time made settlements on the Mississippi and its tributary streams; and thence also, extended to the eastern and northern parts of what is now the United States, and the British provinces. But although the mounds on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers may be nearly as ancient as those in Mexico, they do not indicate altogether so great a population as the others do; and yet they afford evidence, that in a very remote period, the country was well inhabited and sufficient for great public works.

The traditions, customs and general appearance of the Aborigines of the more northerly and easterly parts of America all go to show, that they were originally of the same race or nation with those in Mexico, in the interior of the country, and who inhabit the territory far west and northwest.

It is of no consequence as to the date of the first settlement of America, or as to the nation or tribe by which it was made, whether these artificial structures or mounds, (be they in Mexico, or on the Mississippi) were fortifications, or places of worship and sacrifice on which altars were reared, or cemeteries for the dead. Their exist-



ence serves to prove a great population on this continent in very distant ages. For the uniform tradition is, that they were constructed many centuries ago; and their dilapidated appearance affords evidence to the same point. They might have been designed, some of them, for fortifications, some for cemeteries, and some for places of sacrifice. Altars and temples were erected on some of the most elevated places, dedicated to some national deity, to whom they supposed they were indebted for a signal deliverance or benefit. And in this practice of placing their altars on elevated lands and hills, we may detect an imitation or resemblance to the religious practice of the heathens in Asia, in ancient times, who sacrificed to their false gods "on high places."

In various other parts of Anahuac, as well as in the more central part which composed the kingdom of Mexico, and farther south, in central America and to Peru even, travellers inform us, that there are ruins of large temples, edifices and baths, and remains of extensive public roads. Fragments of hieroglyphic stones are also found in various parts of these countries. At Mexico, there is a colossal statue of a goddess, and a calendar stone of uncommon magnitude, which have been lately dug up from beneath some rubbish or ancient ruins. In the southern part of the Mexican empire, at Mitla near Teantapac, on the shore of the Pacific ocean, there are ruins of edifices, which afford presumptive evidence of a great population at a remote period, and of a knowledge, also, of some of the useful arts. The remaining walls of one, called the palace, are ornamented with a Grecian scroll. There are also labyrinths executed in Mosaic work; the designs, according to the learned Humboldt, resembling somewhat those on Etruscan vases, which are the most ancient in Italy, or indeed in any other part of Europe. Humboldt speaks also of six unfinished columns, of imposing magnitude, which have lately been discovered; the only ones of the kind, we believe, ever found in America.

When first visited by the Spaniards in the beginning of the 16th century, the inhabitants of Yucatan, in the northern part of South America, had a rich and splendid costume, houses of stone, vases, instruments and ornaments of gold, some of which were wrought in Mosaic. Here, also, as well as in Mexico, were found books of parchment, and paper, made probably of the aloe or palm leaf, and of the inner bark of trees. On these were painted in hieroglyphics, their sacred rites, and the events of their political history. In this country, also, there were spacious temples and palaces for the nobility, or the higher classes of citizens. The inhabitants, no doubt, were descended from the same common stock with the Mexicans; for in most respects, their customs, traditions, mode of living, and physical character, were like that people.



But the most remarkable fact, as to the knowledge of the Mexicans, (and this they derived from the Toltecs, who preceded them in Anahuac more than seven centuries,) was their method of calculating and reckoning time. They divided the year into eighteen months of twenty days each. To every year, they added five days, thus making three hundred and sixty-five days; and thirteen days at the end of every fifty-two years, (which was a well known period with them) or a day every fourth year. Thus it appears, that their vulgar or common year was the true solar year; and that their computation of time was astronomically correct. Here is proof of an accurate mode of making out the year, among themselves, for a long period of time; and also, as we think, of their descent from a people whose astronomical knowledge was correct and extensive. Whether this fact will conduct us to a satisfactory hypothesis, as to their origin, we are not prepared here to assert. The probability, however, is, that the Mexicans, or their predecessors, the Toltecs, derived the system from the Chaldeans, Indians, Chinese, or other Asiatic nation of which they acquired it, before they migrated to the American continent. Some of the inhabitants of Chaldea and India were early addicted to the study of astronomy. The Chaldeans (and who were they but the posterity of Noah?) made advances in this science, in very remote periods. It is admitted by the learned Brahmins of India, "that the Chaldeans were the most early and correct in the knowledge of astronomy, of all the nations of the earth." For this they were indebted to Noah and his sons, who might have studied it before the deluge. Their immediate descendants were the early inhabitants of that country. Abraham is supposed to have been acquainted with this sublime science. And Job, who probably lived in the early patriarchal age, evidently had some knowledge of astronomy. From Chaldea, it was disseminated to Arabia, Egypt, to India and China; and also to the west of Asia, and to Greece.

The early inhabitants of the earth, for many centuries were cultivators of the ground and keepers of flocks; and they would soon be led to notice the changes of the seasons and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. The knowledge of astronomy and the method of calculating time, would be likely to be preserved with special care. Though the Tartars, the Huns, or the Mongols, were wandering, illiterate tribes, (and by these we shall attempt to show America was first peopled) there were some among them, probably, who had a knowledge of astronomy, and of the correct method of reckoning the year, derived from their progenitors in the more western parts of Asia, in an early age, and which being so useful and important, they would teach their posterity.

It will not, indeed, follow, that the Mexicans must be descendants of the Chinese, Indians, or Tartars in Asia, merely because they



used the same method of calculating time. But the fact affords evidence, that all these nations descended from one common stock, and that a primeval tribe or nation was the parent of each and all, whence they derived their knowledge and their arts of life.

We are aware that the statements which early Spanish writers gave of Mexico, its population, buildings, &c. at the time of the conquest by Cortez, in 1520, have not received full credence from some later historians. They have been charged, sometimes, with credulity, and sometimes with a disposition to exaggerate and to embellish. But their accounts are confirmed, in substance, by the personal narrative of the learned and impartial Humboldt, as well as by several other writers, who are entitled to the most entire credit. Besides, the condition of the people and of the whole country of Anahuac or Mexico, and of other places, both in North and South America, as Florida, the Mississippi, and California in the northern, and Peru, Chili, Paragua, and Yucatan in the southern hemisphere, at the time of the conquests in the beginning of the 16th century, affords ample proof of a great antiquity ; but whether of two, or of three thousand years, it is difficult to determine. The Mexicans, or Aztecs, who inhabited the country of Anahuac, when the Spanish invasion took place, 1520, were the fourth distinct race of people who had occupied that territory ; and according to the uniform tradition of the inhabitants, which was confirmed by their hieroglyphic paintings, the first of these people, the Toltecs, settled there 800 years before the Mexicans. They were a numerous and a partially civilized race ; and many of the large works remaining in the country were constructed by that people.

The different opinions and theories of learned men, as to the first inhabitants of America, may now be more directly noticed. Some have supposed, that this continent was inhabited by antediluvians. During eighteen hundred or two thousand years, the probable age of the old world, the population was, undoubtedly, very great, and extended over the principal part, if not the whole, of the earth. But nothing is gained by this hypothesis, with those who admit the authenticity of the book of Genesis. For we are there informed, that the whole human race, except Noah and his family, was destroyed by the deluge. And the Jewish historian is not only the oldest writer extant ; but his account, although not much in detail of the events of the old world, is allowed to be accurate and true. Nor is there any opposing narrative, worthy of the least respect, to contradict the account given by Moses, or to lessen his credibility. Some theorists have conjectured, indeed, that Noah's flood was confined to the central parts of Asia. But the account of Moses will not fairly admit of any such construction. The proofs of a general deluge are also to be found in every country and region on the globe ; and the fact



of such a catastrophe, is supported by the tradition of all nations. It is to be considered, moreover, that the most authentic ancient history of the early location, the migrations, condition and numbers of mankind in remote ages, as far as any account reaches, tends to confirm the statement of the writer of Genesis, who has recorded the calamitous event of the deluge, and the first settlement of the earth, thereafter.

Assuming the truth of the Mosaic history, as justly we may, we propose to ascertain when and by what people this continent was originally occupied and settled: and we are confident, that it will appear most probable, from various facts and considerations, *that the whole population, at the time of its discovery by Columbus, descended from an Asiatic tribe, or horde, which came from the northeastern part of the old continent, at or near Behring's Straits, several centuries before the Christian era; and probably within seven or eight hundred years after the flood; a period which synchronises very nearly with the exode of the Jews from Egypt, under Moses.* At this time, the human race must have become very numerous, and their occupation of the earth nearly, if not entirely, coextensive with the eastern continent. On a moderate calculation, it will be found, that, in 700 or 800 years, the human species would have so increased and multiplied, as to fill all Asia, Africa, and Europe. And all ancient accounts agree, indeed, in a thing very probable and natural in itself, that some of every succeeding generation travelled to distant places, and sought out new territories for themselves and children. Those of only the second and third generation from Noah, settled Canaan and Egypt, and spread far east and west through the central parts of Asia, and even into some parts of Europe. In the time of Abraham, who was 150 years contemporary with Shem, who lived through the whole of the fourth century after the flood, and was of the tenth generation from Noah, those countries were filled with inhabitants. According to a tradition in the east, Noah, who survived the deluge 350 years, with some of his sons,\* or grandsons, probably went eastward soon after the separation of the human family at Babel, and settled in India. The posterity of Noah, of the fourth and fifth generation, removed still farther east; those of the sixth or seventh generation, probably, wandered eastward from the place of their ancestors to the country since called China and Tartary. Some of those of the ninth and tenth generations, and in about 400 years from the deluge, probably reached the shores of the Pacific ocean, as the descendants of Japhet did, through the western parts of Asia and through Europe, to the Atlantic coasts.

\* It is highly probable, that Noah had other sons than the three particularly mentioned by Moses, who were born after the flood; or he might take with him one of the sons of Shem.



As already observed, the people of India and China pretend to a very high antiquity. They carry back their claims, indeed, beyond all proof, or reasonable probability ; and yet it is admitted that the western part of Asia was the first residence of the human race ; and that thence early issued the children and grandchildren of Noah to India and other places more easterly in Asia, as well as to Palestine and Egypt, to Asia Minor, and to Europe. It is generally admitted by the learned, that it was from the land of Chaldea the light of knowledge and science first dawned upon the world. Noah and his sons, who survived the deluge, must have possessed and communicated to their descendants a knowledge of all the important and useful discoveries, which had been made by the inhabitants of the old world. From Chaldea this information would be disseminated by their posterity, the founders of new settlements ; and each nation or people would be likely to claim the discovery or invention themselves. We may thus most naturally account for the several pretensions of the Egyptians, Phœnicians, Chaldeans, Hebrews, Chinese, and Indians, to have been the oldest nation of the earth, and the first inventors of letters, of astronomy, and of the arts. The sons or grandsons of Noah carried the knowledge they received from their ancestors in Chaldea, to the places where they settled ; and each afterwards boasted of having originally made the discoveries. According to the most authentic accounts, the science of astronomy was first cultivated in Chaldea ; and at a very remote period, when Alexander conquered the Persians and visited India, about 300 years before the Christian era, he found records of eclipses and of other astronomical calculations for 1900 years before that time, which carries back the first date of them to about 150 years after the deluge, and about the time the attempt was made to build the tower or monument of Babel.

The opinion, or conjecture rather, that the continents of Africa and South America were once contiguous, or that there was formerly an extensive Island in the Atlantic, which would facilitate the passage of Africans to this western world, is entitled to very little consideration. The Island or Islands mentioned by the ancients beyond the pillars of Hercules, were probably not far from the entrance of the Mediterranean ; for their vessels, or boats, were not of a construction to induce them to venture far from land. Nor is there any evidence, that a voyage was made across the Atlantic before Columbus, unless we credit the account that some Norwegians, who visited Iceland in the tenth century, extended their voyage to the American continent. But of this there is no sufficient and satisfactory evidence. If a settlement had been then made, it is impossible that the whole or the greater part of the population of this extensive continent could have proceeded from a few adventurers to Greenland, in four or five



hundred years. Neither is it probable, that in so short a period the inhabitants would have lost all knowledge of the customs, opinions, and language of their European ancestors. There is as little in their physical character, to authorize the supposition, that America was settled by emigrants from the north of Europe.\*

Similar objections lie against the story of a settlement in America by the Welsh, under Madoc, in the eleventh century. Had the account been well founded, being of such pretended recent date, there would have been some direct and positive evidence on the subject, and some tribes in America would have been able to give full proof of the truth of the story. The account of a settlement of Welsh people, the descendants of the company under Madoc, being found in the interior of this country, was forgotten almost as soon as given. No such people are known.

But the claims in favor of the Egyptians and Phœnicians, are they not better supported? These nations had, indeed, some knowledge of navigation in very early times. The latter, probably visited the western coasts of Africa, for a short distance; and the former, the eastern coasts, probably the Persian gulf, and possibly the western parts of India. But their vessels or boats were not fitted for distant nautical enterprizes, nor is there any evidence of their crossing any extensive sea. So, in the time of Solomon, about 1000 years before our era, the Jews had vessels trading from the Red Sea to Ophir, which some have supposed to be situated on the eastern coasts of Africa, but which a learned modern contends was on the western shores of India. But none of these nations had made such advances in navigation, as to have any other than small open boats. They did not venture far from the land; and Solomon's vessels were three years in completing a voyage; which is proof that they kept near the coasts, or remained in harbors, except in very moderate weather. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries even, the vessels of Europe were open, and in their voyages, generally kept within sight of land, though, shortly after this period, several of the Islands in the Atlantic ocean were visited by them; in the first instances, however, most probably by accident, being carried from the coasts by adverse winds. When the Normans invaded France, in the tenth century, they went in light, open boats, not much larger than the birch canoes of the American Indians; and carried their boats over land from one river to another, in passing from Holland to Paris. There is, then, no probability that the Phœnicians or the Egyptians visited America by design, in the early age of the world; nor, if driven out of their way by storms,

\* A writer in the north of Europe has lately announced his purpose to show, from some ancient MSS. not before published, that the Norwegians effected a settlement on the North American continent in about the latitude of 48 or 50. There is no reasoning against facts. But it will be time enough to credit the story when it is well established.



when trading along the coasts of Africa, or the shores of Arabia and the Persian gulf, that they would have ever reached this continent, a distance of 12,000 miles. There must be evidence of history, or monuments, or language, to give support to the opinion, that America was settled by either of these nations, at the remote period supposed.

There is yet another theory, to account for the first occupancy of South America, though not for the population of the whole continent, which is, that Peru was originally settled by Chinese or Malays, as early as the Christian era, or at a more remote period even. In the absence of all direct evidence, or of that which would render it very probable, it is pretended, that some customs of the Peruvians are similar to those of the Chinese. But these are few and vague, and do not afford an argument which can satisfy the most credulous. There is no evidence from monuments, or from any tradition\* among the Peruvians; and the language† is equally barren of proof. It is to be considered, also, that the distance from the Malacca Islands, or from China to South America, is very great; that the Chinese have never been an adventurous or roving people; and that, if they had reached the American coasts with their vessels, of whatever size they were, which can hardly be admitted, without a miracle, they would have retained the knowledge and continued the practice of navigation after they settled on this continent.‡

On the other hand, if North America was settled as early as we suppose, there was sufficient time for the occupancy of South America by the descendants of the first inhabitants of Anahuac, who might have passed over the Isthmus of Darien and taken possession, both of the sea coasts and of the interior of South America, long before the Spanish invasion. The Peruvians and the people of Central America were said to resemble the Mexicans, and other nations in Anahuac, when first visited by Europeans, in their physical character, manners, customs, traditions, buildings, &c. It appears to us, that there are fewer difficulties attending this opinion, than that of a separate and original settlement of South America by Chinese or Malays.

\* The story of a stranger, by the name of Mango Capac, who visited Peru in a remote period, and taught them some of the arts of life, some have believed refer to a Chinese. But it is equally probable, that he went from some tribe in Anahuac.

† M. Brun and others, admit that there are no analogies between the language of the Peruvians and the people of the Islands in the Pacific Ocean, sufficient to justify the conclusion, that the latter were the progenitors of the former.

‡ A late writer contends, that South America was probably originally settled by Chinese or Malays; but adduces no new or satisfactory evidence in support of his opinion. And, as already observed, there are no such resemblances between the languages of the Peruvians and Malays, as to authorize a conclusion favorable to this hypothesis.



## THE ABSENT HUSBAND.

WIFE, who in thy deep devotion,  
Puttest up a prayer for one  
Sailing on the stormy ocean—  
Hope no more—his course is done !  
Dream not, when upon thy pillow  
That he slumbers by thy side,  
For his corse beneath the billow  
Heaveth with the restless tide.

Children, who, as sweet flowers growing,  
Laugh amid the sorrowing rains—  
Know ye many clouds are throwing  
Shadows on your sire's remains ?  
Where the hoarse, gray surge is rolling,  
With a mountain's motion on,  
Dream ye that its voice is tolling  
For your father—lost and gone ?

When the sun looked on the water,  
As a hero on his grave,  
Tinging with the hue of slaughter  
Every blue and leaping wave ;  
Under the majestic ocean,  
Where the giant currents roll'd,  
Slept thy sire without emotion—  
Sweetly by a beam of gold.

And the violet sunbeams slanted,  
Wavering through the crystal deep,  
Till their wonted splendors haunted  
Those shut eyelids in their sleep.  
Sands, like crumbled silver gleaming,  
Sparkled through his raven hair,  
But the sleep that knows no dreaming  
Bound him in its silence there.

So we left him ; and to tell thee  
Of our sorrow, and thine own,  
Of the wo that then befel thee,  
Came we weary and alone—  
That thine eye is quickly shaded,  
That thy heart's blood wildly flows,  
That thy cheek's clear blood is faded—  
Are the fruits of these new woes.

Children, whose meek eyes inquiring,  
 Linger on your mother's face,  
 Know ye that she is expiring?—  
 That ye are an orphan race?—  
 God be with you on the morrow!  
 Father—mother—both no more!  
 One within a grave of sorrow,  
 One upon the ocean's floor!

J. O. R.

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 LETTERS OF HORACE FRITZ, ESQ.

## NO. I.

IMMEDIATELY after writing to you, my dear Tom, I left Albany in search of our old friend, Job Clark. After a tedious ride, in which nothing occurred worthy of occupying your time, I reached the village of ———, where you know he has been, since leaving college, the town schoolmaster. He was overjoyed to see me, and, at first, I thought he was but little changed. His voice and his earnest manner, and the peculiar brightness of his small gray eye were the same as when we parted; but I did not observe, till his extravagant joy had subsided, that his cheek had grown hollow and his eye was sunken. The truth is, he has met with the usual difficulties of his trying and dispiriting occupation, and they have made sad inroads on his health. He coughs frightfully, at times, and there is a consumptive stoop in his shoulders and a flatness in his chest which are, I fear, alarming symptoms. I determined at once to take him with me on my loitering trip to the West, and, after overcoming some obstacles of delicacy, and visiting the school committee, (the village blacksmith and postmaster,) he was persuaded to consent. He began to look better at the mere prospect of a release. It is a sad slavery, Tom. Job has talked his troubles all over to me, and it is melancholy to think how his fine, sensitive nature has been tried and misunderstood, even in his brief experience of the world. He does not complain; but I can see that he has not been appreciated by the coarse people about him, and that his unlucky face and figure, and his utter simplicity, have had their full weight in the common estimate of his character. It was in hard contrast with the indulgence and intellectual respect which his fine scholarship and pure heart won for him in college.

I spent a day or two with the village tailor, trying to give him some idea of a coat; and, really, considering Job's figure, and the fellow's ordinary customers, our success was miraculous. Wheeler might have detected its etymology, perhaps, but there was an



expression about the flap and collar, (I cut them myself,) which was exceedingly imposing.

After getting Job decently dressed, and displacing the straw hat of his habitual wear for his best beaver (the very one you gave him in your tears at his valedictory, Tom—you should have seen the numerous envelopes by which its pristine glossiness has been preserved) we crossed to the canal, and floated on delightfully to Lyons, where we took wagon to Geneva. I had no idea a canal boat was so agreeable. Upon my word, I never travelled more to my mind. There is no dust, no noise, no perceptible motion. You sit in a well furnished parlor with windows looking out for a great part of the way on the exquisite scenery of the Mohawk—writing materials and a quiet table at your elbow, room to promenade either on board or on shore, conveniences for a nap, a good bar room, no smell of steam or the kitchen, and a progress of eighty miles a day! Could anything be more luxurious that is moveable? And then you are passing through the best farms of the country, and have, of course, an excellent table, and, as the lower orders take the freight boats universally, you are seldom annoyed, as in stages and steam boats, by noise or vulgarity. The captains of the packets, too, are exceedingly respectable men, and I never have met more proper treatment than on board these abused conveyances. I recommend them to you unhesitatingly.

I think one of the best situated and most beautiful towns I ever saw is Geneva. The lake stretches down majestically from the south, and terminates in a graceful crescent just below the town. On one side the hills lean over with a gentle declivity to the water, presenting a lifted map of cultivation and woodland as far as the eye can reach, and, on the other, Geneva stands, high and beautiful, a hundred feet above the lake, on a broad ridge, rising almost perpendicularly from the water. The principal street is a broad, level avenue, on the summit of the ridge, commanding a superb view of the opposite country, and ten or fifteen miles of the broad, silver sheet of the Seneca. It is built in rural taste, mostly of white wooden houses, shaded by trees, and has precisely the Arcadian look of New Haven. I was reminded of the similarity at every step, and could almost believe that our old flames were there, sitting behind those Venetian blinds, with that provoking half turn to their moveable slips. (How delightfully perplexing it used to be, Tom, to see an indistinct figure through those green lattices, and model one's bow so that it would do either for the mother or the daughter!)

After a lounge about town, during which we saw the most gorgeous sunset I ever witnessed, (they are said to be singularly fine here, always; probably from local circumstances) we returned to our hotel, a large building on the public square, which I recommend to



you in your next summer's wanderings. We got our supper—a dry crust and tea for Job's dyspepsy, and the requisite provant for the glorious appetite engendered by a day's travel, and the lake air in your humble servant—and then, as it was a delicious moonlight night, I proposed a walk. So

‘Taking our hats in our hands, a remarkably requisite practice,’

as Mr. Southey says in *Warreniana*, we went out again, stopping a moment in the hall to insert our names in that usual accompaniment of a tavern in the West—a register of travellers. I like this custom. It is pleasant to know who has gone before you; and, as the destination is inscribed also, you may frequently, by a few hours additional travel, overtake a friend, or lie by to avoid an annoyance. In rainy days, too, or during unpleasant detention, you may kill ‘the enemy’ delightfully with a musing reverie upon its various handwritings and characters; not to mention the sympathy with your own feelings, agreeable or otherwise, which is expressed in the small annotations upon the margin.

But what a moonlight walk we had! It was a warm night, and the inhabitants were sitting in their open porches, or idling up and down in the sprinkled shadows of the walk, (the streets are lined with trees as in New Haven,) girls without bonnets, and men without cravats, in a primitive simplicity that would have made even Audrey ‘poetical.’ We strolled up about half a mile to the end of the street and stopped to look off upon the water. You must get Job's journal and read his description of it. I have no talent that way, and should only mar my own recollection by the attempt. You cannot imagine, without seeing it, how exquisitely soft and dreamy the silvery whiteness of the moonlight is, when seen through the filmy exhalations that float up from a lake in a summer's evening. Such extreme beauty always seems to me unearthly. It gives me a stifling sensation at my heart that I never could analyze.

On our return, we were attracted across the street by the sound of a piano. The house from which it came had that look which the houses of people of taste always have, and which is easier detected than described. It was a low, white house, with a tasteful fence, vines, and shrubbery about it, not by any means the handsomest in the village, but the one in which, at a first glance, one would prefer to take his chance for acquaintance. Job did not propose directly to go over, but I knew by the slight pressure of his arm that he was suffering animal magnetism, and I indulged him. We stood in the shadow of the tree in front of the house an hour. The keys were touched with a quiet taste that pleased me. It was not very great execution, but just such playing as an invalid, or a home loving girl, or any lover of sweet natural melody would like to listen. Job



stood looking at the moon through a break in the tree, wholly lost. He did not stir for the hour. The invisible player went on, pleasing herself apparently, and gliding from one tune to another with little interludes which prevented abruptness, now and then hitting upon a favorite song of which she was unconscious how much pleasure she was giving, and how much chance music would be remembered. It is surprising how much one enjoys these relishes of pleasant things—how much sweeter a snatch of a tune heard by the wayside is, than a better song for which one is expected to be grateful! Among all my recollections of music, (we have some together, Tom, and it is not that I have forgotten the silver voice we wot of, that I prefer other music now,) I remember nothing like that hour of eaves-dropping. Job sits astride my travelling trunk at this moment, trying to catch upon his Jews-harp, the air of 'Meet me by moonlight alone,' which he avers is the sweetest song ever warbled, and which our incognita sung with a peculiar grace and feeling.

On reaching the hotel we found the hall crowded with baggage, and, as I went to my room, a group of ladies stood looking over the register, and I caught a glimpse of a white hand holding the pen with the dainty awkwardness so peculiar to women in the management of that useful instrument. I could not see their faces, and I sent Job for the book when they were gone, in the hope of finding an acquaintance among them. There were no names added, but against my own was drawn a bracket enclosing a single word (I will whisper it in your ear when we meet, Tom,) shewing an acquaintance with my *affaires de cœur* which was not a little surprising. Here was matter for curiosity! Job had got on his Barcelona, but I sent him down to inquire the names of the new arrival. He returned without the intelligence, as no names had been entered, but brought a hand bill announcing that a steam boat would go up the lake on an excursion for pleasure the next morning. I determined instantly to go, and after sending Job once more, without success, to look at the travellers' trunks and pump the servants, I went to bed, allaying my curiosity with the hope that the advertisement would tempt them, and that we should have their company up the lake on the morrow.

At six o'clock we were on board. It was a small boat, and the deck was crowded with people of every description. The majority of them were evidently of the lower class, but two or three small parties of better dressed people were standing in the stern, as much apart as was possible with so little room and so many circumstances of equality. The boat was soon under way, and, leaving Job to ponder the wake of the water wheel, I made the tour of the deck, peeping under the bonnets and looking at the feet of the ladies with the impudence I acquired in your company. My observations were for a long time unsatisfactory. There were some bonnets among



them which might have come from the city, (and, by the way, you will be surprised constantly at the West by the *townish* look of the people. The communication is so easy, that they get the fashions far sooner than places within forty miles of the metropolis.) Then there was here and there a cluster of curls that might not have shocked Manuel, and one or two well fitted bodices; but the shoes! —(Tom! never speak to a woman out of the city till you have seen her shoe! It is an infallible test. A lady who will wear a bad shoe has a bad taste, and that, in dress, implies a rude education.) I was about giving up in despair, after making the circuit two or three times, when a group which had escaped me from the crowd or simplicity of dress, caught my attention. The face of the only person turned to me was concealed by a veil, and I looked down with a natural instinct—there never was but one such foot in the world!—I would have sworn to it if I had seen it in Nova Zembla.

Our greeting would have shocked you. You have no idea how glad people are to see each other at a distance from home. It is a pleasure to see even one's tailor (if his bill is paid,) but to meet a woman like Miss ———! She presented me immediately to the ladies—some friends of hers I did not know, and after getting Job up to be introduced with considerable difficulty, you may imagine how swimmingly we got on.

The lake widens a few miles from Geneva, and loses, of course, some of its beauty. A near shore is necessary to the picturesque. So, indeed, is a near view of everything in scenery. It was always a wonder to me how people could talk so extravagantly of the 'fine views' from mountains and over broad lakes. There is a kind of abstract sublime, it is true, in seeing so much and so far; but you can see nothing distinctly, and if it is water it is not half so beautiful as the sky, and if it is land, it looks like a near view of a brown uncultivated heath. I would rather stand on a hill side and look down into a green hollow that I could throw a stone over, than, (after having been on one,) to look, for the mere beauty of the scene, from all the high mountains in the universe. Whenever you are so distant as to lose the color of the vegetation, the outline of the trees, the lights and shadows of the slopes, and the comparative distance and size of objects, the effect is lost. I shall never forget my disappointment in looking from the Kaatskill. (I was more than compensated by the falls. It is worth while to go to the Cauterskills, if it were only to look down that terrific chasm, and get an idea of a world rent to its centre.) I remember, too, reading in some book of poetry, when I was a boy, of the 'grandeur of the sea;' and though I was bred upon the coast, and had always loved the water, and sailed my boat over the bay half the Saturday afternoons I could remember, I put by the book and went down to look at it as if for the first time—



the thought of its 'grandeur' was so new to me. I confess the idea of the ocean, immense as we know it to be, is grand—awful if you will—but what we see of it is nothing to the unbroken breadth of the sky, or the gathering of the great thunder clouds for a storm. I was always impressed by these with an awe which is among my earliest recollections; but I had spent days, miles out in the ocean, and never, till I was told, did I dream of its sublimity. Apart from its power, and as a mere object of sight, its imposing effect is certainly overrated. Had the poet spoken of the 'beautiful sea,' I should not have wondered; for there is a magnificence in its many changes that is surpassed by nothing but the sunset clouds of summer. It is a fine stroke of nature in the old ballad where the sailor boy pines in captivity for

"The wind's familiar music  
And the sight of the pleasant sea."

There are several narrow points running far out into the lake from the west side, which are covered with trees, and add very much to its beauty. We stopped near one of these to take in wood, and I went ashore in the boat with Job, to visit a picturesque cascade, which had worn down its bed till it seemed to pour from the very heart of the mountain. While we were standing and gazing at it, the bell rang for us, and, on hurrying to the shore, we found that the wood boat had gone off. There was a small wherry lying upon the sand, however, and I sent Job to a group of people standing a little way from the beach, to get a man to row us off. I saw by their gestures that they refused, and was about going to his assistance, when, to my utter astonishment, he seized a stout boy in his arms, and plying his long legs with a most amusing celerity, had flung him into the skiff and shoved off, before the natives had recovered from their astonishment. They followed us with stones, but what with my boyish accomplishment of sculling, and Job's industry at the bailing porringer, we reached the boat, and were received with cheers by the amused passengers. A competent *quid pro quo* satisfied our impressed ferryman, and he paddled back, apparently quite reconciled to his adventure.

We were soon out of the little bay, and went rapidly up the lake, keeping close in to the shore, and catching many glimpses, as we glided by, of those spots of chance beauty that so frequently, in an uncultivated wild, surpass the most elaborate cultivation. I was just pointing out to our agreeable friends a green hollow of singular beauty in the very bosom of a wooded crescent, when there was a cry forward of 'a man overboard.' The next moment something dark rushed under the wheel, and Job, with a single bound and the quickness of a thought, sprang into the wake in the very spot where it



must have sunk. There was a rush immediately to the stern, and, for a moment, suspense seemed to have paralyzed every arm on board. I stood myself for a half minute, looking at the gurgling eddy which closed over him, in perfect horror. My first thought was to jump in after him, but recollecting that he was a first rate swimmer, I seized a bench, and shouting an order for the boat, threw it over. Just as it touched the water, he rose some way astern, with his long black hair plastered over his eyes, his face composed with his usual decent gravity, and in his arms—a large pine log! He was too bewildered to discover his mistake immediately, and swam stoutly for a minute with his prize half out of water; but the shout of laughter from the passengers, or his own senses, soon undeceived him, and he quietly loosened his hold, and, laying his face down to the water like a shamed boy, made his way vigorously towards the boat. He was soon on board, and, after equipping himself in a pair of my integuments, and the old calico gown with the red sprig which you remember in college, he made his appearance on deck, and, notwithstanding the ludicrous result of his attempt, was, for the rest of the day, quite a hero. But what a waste of chivalry! I could almost have wished our dainty spirituelle had played Europa to his *bull* (not a pun Tom, on my honor)—he would have been so worthy of the reward. God bless the beautiful creature! she gave him her little hand so warmly after he was dry, that I fear he blessed the accident, awkward as it was. I had a great mind to push off a log and do the desperate thing myself.

We neared the head of the lake about noon. The shore on the east side here is an almost perpendicular cliff of ninety or a hundred feet elevation, with deep water at its very base. From this height, a splendid cascade, called Hector Falls, pours into the lake. We were just getting a fine view of it, when there was a cry that the shaft of one of the wheels was broken, and the boat came to. The nearest village was four or five miles distant, and as a blacksmith must be found, and the delay would probably be one of some hours, we took a boat and went ashore at the fall. You must get Job's journal for a description of this, too. I could not do its singular beauty justice. It is formed by a very considerable creek, which comes winding from the east to the shore of the lake, and pours its waters in over the steep and broken declivity just mentioned, in one long sheet of foam, and with a picturesque violence that is in striking contrast with the quiet summer scenery about it. We reached the brow of the rock, with a little additional color in the brunette cheek of our friend, and (feel for me, Tom—400 miles from Wall street!) the total sacrifice of my newest Bentons!

It was a splendid sight from the summit. One sheet of bright spray flashing from our pedestal to the lake, and the green woods



stretching up from the unstirred edge of the water, on the opposite shore, clear away to the horizon, in one unbroken forest. You have no idea of the extent of a western wilderness. John Neal (who gives better ideas of magnitude than any other man living,) expresses it well when he talks of 'forests in which all the nations of Europe might lose themselves.'

We idled about for an hour or two between shade and sunshine, found one or two rare minerals, and an eagle's feather, which our mischievous friend insisted on putting into Job's hat to his mingled distress and gratification, and were on board again two hours before sunset with appetites which shockingly belied our cockney education. They gave us for supper fried potatoes and something in an abominable gravy which I did not recognize, (if you tell of it, Tom, do not mention my name,) and we all ate some—on my honor! Job says he knows what it was. *Credat Judæus!*

The night was clear, and the lake was perfectly dead with stillness. The broad belt of the moonlight across the water scarcely quivered. We leaned over the forward railing, and watched the silver inlaying on the edge of the wave turned off by the prow, and talked of things which come naturally at such a time—mysteries, and presentiments, and thoughts which are too wild for daylight. How strange it is Tom, that, in some moods of the mind, we cannot look upon the stars without a feeling that the dreamy theories which connect our fate with them are true! I do not dare to doubt astrology by starlight. There is an influence in their 'wild, spiritual shining' which makes my heart sink. It cannot be shaken off by reasoning. I observed, too, that my companions, several of whom were cool, unimaginative people, talked in subdued voices insensibly. Can it be possible that mere beauty has a 'presence'—something which is not the dream of a diseased fancy, but which a sound, healthy, animal heart *feels*—like a fear? Job has a philosophy about it, but he is too visionary. I doubted him when he said he knew what we had for supper.

Geneva shewed finely from the lake as we approached. The moon was setting, and the white buildings and spires crowning the immense black shadow of the ridge, looked as if built in the very sky. I do not know so sweet a village out of New England.

We parted from our fair friends the next morning. I had heard much of the beauty of Cayuga lake and its neighborhood, and with an aversion to a right line which I have had ever since I was called upon to define it, I struck off from the regular route, and took coach fifteen miles to Cayuga bridge, 'whence,' as the placard phrases it, the 'fast sailing steam boat Telemachus takes passengers daily to Ithaca.'



We had the coach to ourselves. Job sat in the corner watching the revolution of the wheel as if it were winding out his very brains, and pondering, I doubt not, every syllable that had melted on his ear for the last forty-eight hours. 'Allicholy is catching,' as somebody says in the play, and, drawing a long sigh from my very heart, and the 'Western Guide' from my coat pocket, I fixed myself down doggedly, to undergo, like a philosopher, three unavoidable hours of jolting and *ennui*.

The 'Telemachus' lay heaving to the indolent swell as we came in sight, and we hurried on board, glad to escape from the dull realities of dry land. How much more like magic it is to travel upon water! It is such an unutterable bore to be reminded so perpetually of one's materiality—to have every fraction of a mile measured in your bones, and marked by the broken threads of reflections, and the fragments of interrupted dreams! I never could conceive of the Cyrenaic philosophy which makes the pleasure of life consist in *motion*. How any one can have a passion for it on land, except upon C springs and a McAdam pavé, exceeds my comprehension. I question whether the greybeard ever suffered on a road of corduroy. He must have been thinking of a see-saw on a bench in the Academus, or a lounge in the Parthenon, after one of Zeno's lectures on continence.

The bell rang for departure, but nobody else came. The steward leaned over the railing with a long face, and a white towel in his hand; the black waiters sat whittling round the forecastle, and the Hebe of the ladies' cabin stood in the sacred door with her arms folded disconsolately across her yellow waist ribbon. 'Cast off,' grumbled the captain, as if he were giving a signal to an executioner, and away we floated, dull and solitary, on a six hours passage up the Cayuga. The day was excessively hot. The deck was oozing with pitch, fried out by the sun; the shores of the lake were flat and uninteresting, and we were both perfectly bedeviled with hyp. I soon explored the ladies' cabin—Dinah, and 'No admittance for gentlemen' to the contrary notwithstanding—and taking possession of the sofa (where, if the name of the boat is no misnomer, 'Calypso and her nymphs' should have lounged before me) I called for a port wine punch, sent Job to Coventry, and 'sleep,' as Coleridge says beautifully, 'slid into my soul.'

In the midst of a confused dream of women and waterfalls, moonshine and fried potatoes, I was called up to see 'Aurora'—not the 'fair daughter of the dawn,' as you will probably suppose, if you remember your Reader—but a pretty village on the east shore of the lake, with the usual proportion of red houses and steeples, and the dead look which a country town always has in the noon of a



summer's day. We stopped but a moment to take in a passenger—one of those indefinite looking men whom you meet everywhere, with nothing about them that you could possibly remember a minute—and, as Job was still 'sewed up,' as the western people elegantly say of the silent, I went back to my punch and my pillow, to take up the broken thread of my dream. The gentle influence needed no wooing, and I soon went through all the adventures of Telemachus. Job was my Mentor, and Dinah with her yellow waist ribbon, one of the zoned nymphs, and our beautiful friend grew a little taller, and her French slipper changed into Calypso's sandal, and the steam boat with its black column of smoke into the 'burning galley.' It was a magnificent dream. The remaining three hours 'tripped by to a merry measure,' and I was just asking Calypso to dance the Spanish dance, when the fellow shook me by the shoulder to pay for my punches and go ashore.

But my letter is getting too long; so for the present, my dear Tom, adieu. I shall write you from our next resting place.

Ever yours,

HORACE.

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#### CRITICAL NOTICES.

**THE MAN OF TWO LIVES.** *Written by himself.* Boston, Wells and Lilly, 1829.

This is certainly one of the most singular books of the day. It professes to be the veritable history of a man who has been permitted to revisit the earth, and, in a vicarious existence, make amends for the misuse and excesses of his first life.

"I died," says he, "at the early age of forty-five, in the city of Frankfort on the Main. I distinctly remember the last expressions that I used, as life was ebbing fast away. After a rapid survey of mispent existence, I suddenly clasped my hands together, and exclaimed with convulsive energy—'O, that I could return again into the womb of my mother, and spring once more into a world in which I have trifled with time, and abused the blessings of my condition! I have suffered much, and deserved to suffer; never having promoted the happiness of others, I of necessity poisoned my own.' At that agonizing moment, did I fancy a voice of more than human sweetness, or did really some immortal spirit speak to my mind, rather than to an ear stiffening into clay, the words which follow?—**UNHAPPY MIND, THY WISH IS GRANTED; THOU SHALT ONCE MORE ANIMATE A HUMAN FORM.**"

His next consciousness was that of an infant, whose sensations and impressions he gives at some length. Passing over the intervening time, he finds himself, "at the period when he might be called a thinking being," the only son of George Sydenham, Esq., an English gentleman of independent fortune. As he grows up, he is remarkable



for "abstraction of thought, which seemed excited by other than surrounding occurrences;" incoherent expressions would sometimes escape him, relative to places and persons unknown; he gave descriptions of a German university, and of a grand church where the name of "Frederick Werner," (his own formerly,) "was to be seen, cut into the centre beam of chestnut that binds as a girder the opposite walls of the building." In the course of his education he is taught to draw, and astonishes his master by the wonderful accuracy with which he sketches German scenery and architecture. His productions are shewn to West and Fuseli, and the introduction of these names gives the author an opportunity for digressive criticisms upon the arts, shewing him to be a man of accurate and cultivated taste. Our hero is sent to the university, where he becomes a diligent student. We pass over a long episode, which is not at all connected with the main interest of the book, and which takes the place of all description of his mental phenomena during his college life, and come to an incident which occurred while he was "dining at a public house with his bosom friend Herman." They had proposed to go to the theatre, but a storm arises, and they relinquish the idea, and, ordering a second bottle, enter into a conversation on the mysterious subject which occupies their minds. In the midst of it, a gentleman rises from a table which had been concealed by a silk curtain, and begs to be permitted to join their circle. He is a man of singularly imposing presence, and, after a long metaphysical dialogue, he astonishes them by closing with the following words:—

"I not only, gentlemen, believe in the transfer of the sentient principle from one being to another; but that, in some peculiar cases, the memory of the first existence returns upon the second. Berkeley has told us, that nothing exists but as perceived by some mind; and I assert, that there are, indeed must be, minds cognizant of such an extraordinary possession as that which I have named. And now, I fear I must strain to the utmost your benevolent construction of me, my understanding and my purposes, when I solemnly declare, that the person who now addresses you is *himself* gifted with the discernment of such natures. I add only, that I knew a man, whose *mind* has transmigrated to another frame, and to the native of even another land; that his name in Germany was Frederick Werner, and I *have told him* that I am acquainted with its present residence."

He takes leave, and all efforts to discover who and what he is, are, for the time, unsuccessful. He, however, replies to a note addressed to him through the public prints by Sydenham, and admonishes him to go on with the object of his life, and "correct his errors." Our hero now resolves to visit Germany, and this should be the most interesting period of the history. The account of his reminiscences is very bare, however, and may all be given in a few words. The scenes are familiar to him of course, and it happens that he takes let-



ters to a banker who occupies the house where he had lived, and who, on his arrival, lodges him in the very room which had formerly been his. The furniture is unchanged, and among other articles, is a cabinet, with a secret drawer, containing the last confession and other private papers of his former self, Frederick Werner. These supply some indefinite recollections and assist him in his work of repentance. He visits his tomb, and finds lingering about it, the lady whose virtuous love he relinquished for a guilty passion, but who cherishes his memory after an interval of forty years. He becomes again acquainted with her, and she is constantly startled by his voice and manner, and unaccountably transfers to him the chastened affection she had borne the dead. He also finds Leonora, the opera singer who had fascinated him, and who is now retired from the stage, and living in virtuous and respectable seclusion. *She*, also, takes a mysterious interest in the young Englishman, admits him to her confidence, and, for his sake, once more summons her energies, and, to a party of select friends, performs the part of "Medea," in which she had won the hearts of all Germany. There is a third person against whom Frederick Werner had offended, and to whom our hero, of course, was bound to make all the restitution in his power—his cousin, Constantine Werner. This person had awakened the enmity of his relative, by interfering, on account of his libertinism, between him and "Francina," the object of his early and virtuous passion. In the heat of his resentment, Frederick had stooped to dishonorable means to injure the credit and character of his kinsman, and had died unforgiven. The pardon of these three, Leonora, Francina, and Constantine, were now necessary to the complete expiation of his sins. With the aid of the papers, which testify to his dying repentance, he easily secures these testimonies, though the offended parties do not quite understand the connexion between Sydenham and Werner. Our hero now becomes attached to the banker's daughter, who is the intimate friend of the widowed Francina, and the book closes with his marriage, and a letter from the mysterious stranger who had disclosed to him a knowledge of his secret, and who turns out to be MESMER the inventor of *animal magnetism*. The part of his letter which explains the enigma of his information is as follows:—

"Soon after I began the *new* practice of medicine in Germany, I was called in to a consultation on the extraordinary case of Frederick Werner. He was then in extremity. My enemies, Drs. Hehl and Ingelhouz, were in attendance upon him. They asked me my opinion of his disorder, and smiled in scorn when they heard me pronounce the word *remorse*. But I had been told something of their patient's history, and moreover knew, that, in certain natures, remorse might prove as deadly as the slow fever, which, when it comes on is only one of its symptoms.



"The case strongly interested me, but I shall not here exhibit the progress of the malady—I am merely to record its singular close. I was sitting by his bedside, when, in the agonies of death, with dreadful energy, he uttered the following ejaculation: 'O that I could return again into the womb, and spring once more into a world in which I have trifled with time and abused the blessings of my condition!' I looked earnestly in the face of Werner; the eyes had closed, the pulse was still, the chest ceased to heave, the sufferer was no more—but instead of features writhed with anguish, his countenance now expressed a heavenly composure, as if consolation had arrived at the very moment he expired. Scenes of death bed changes are familiar to the *humane* physician; his skill suffers no offence in the common dissolution of his kind. I know not that, much earlier in the malady, I could myself have saved poor Werner; but it would not have been by physic I should have attempted his cure.

"When, years after this event, I had succeeded among the scientific of the French nation, and established my theory by *healing multitudes*, I passed over into England, where I was told a fresh inquisition had been embodied to censure or stifle the new science. In London I found my early friend Fuseli, writing and even publishing in English, which we had studied together. He was using at the same time his magic pencil to display on canvass the poetic creations of your country, and the heroes of his own. Among the extraordinary occurrences of his life, he mentioned to me the unaccountable fact of a pupil of his, named Sydenham, who drew with the greatest accuracy and spirit, as if from nature present before him, German *scenery* and *individuals* of Germany, though he had never been out of England! My friend treated the subject as deeply mysterious. It excited my curiosity strongly. I asked the parentage and residence of the youth, and resolved, as I should find occasion, to observe this phenomenon. The dying wish of Werner now recurred to me, and it flashed into my mind suddenly that his prayer had been *granted*, and that an *identity* of mind might connect the two persons of Werner and Sydenham.

"In pursuance of my design, I now inquired after your habits, and found, as I expected, that you were much in foreign society. Our interview at the tavern on the night of the hurricane, you well remember, nor would I willingly forget it. I did not then wear the ordinary garb of physicians; there was nothing in common between us. I always trusted much to my exterior, by which I found all descriptions of men greatly impressed; and I knew so much of the secrets of nature, as to allow to time itself little power over my features. I joined your friend and you during a conversation exactly suited to my object, and I soon saw that I had surmised truly as to the identity between yourself and Werner. If I could have doubted my own science, your obvious *alarm* at the name of the deceased, carried conviction home to my reason. I anticipated, naturally, your growing anxiety to know more, or more positively, of the strange intruder, and the motives to his disclosure. As you intended it should, your ingenious advertisement one day caught my eye as I was indolently turning back the file of a public advertiser in Batson's coffee house. As an odd coincidence, the almost inseparable friends, Dr. Schomberg and the illustrious Garrick, were sitting in the next box to me. I wrote an answer to your question where I sat, and as I knew your address, sent it to your residence by a porter. I had reasoned upon your case, as you probably did yourself, and urged you, by foreign travel, to visit the proper scenes for beginning the atonement so essential to your peace.

"Our recontre at Canterbury, however, was on my part quite undesigned. I was then on a visit there to my learned friend the dean; and attended the cathedral service, as you probably did, from the complex feeling of religious duty and admiration of the strains in which music had harmonized our supplications. From one of the stalls in the choir, I easily recognized your person; but I judged that you were on your route, as I wished you to be, and I had really nothing to add of a nature so pressing, as to render it advisable to dissolve the little mystery between us, which I intended should be salutary. Since then, I know that every essential aid has been rendered to your progress. You have been led by an infallible wisdom to an infallible result. May the rest of your life be happy!

"In now taking leave of my young friend, a little may be said without vanity, as to myself. Objects of infinite importance to mankind claim me wholly. In



addition to simplifying the healing art, I design to work a mighty revolution in philosophy. I am destined to unfold unknown principles to the world, leading all to profound and benevolent results. But prejudice assailed the grand discoveries of Newton, and purblind physicians dispute, or deny, the MAGNETIC POWER which I have *detected*.

"I have already said enough to reveal me to one of your endowments; but while I close this explanation, with the expression of most cordial esteem, I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of subjoining the name of MESMER."

We think the main feeling in reading this book, is one of impatience that it is not better. The idea is original, and, without doubt, one of the most capable of interesting speculation which has ever been started. The reader's feelings are constantly excited with the expectation of something more definite—more satisfactory. The author digresses so constantly and with so little apparent connexion, that you get to the end of the book, before you feel that he has entered fully upon the story. If we might speculate upon the author and the circumstances under which the book was written, we should say that he was a mere scholar, with an incidental knowledge of the fine arts, who had taken his scrap book, and, upon this imperfect web, woven all its miscellaneous contents. The story of Miss McEvoy is the most unprovoked intrusion upon a tale which we remember. It has no affinity, no likeness, no bearing upon the matter. It is very evident, too, that the writer has but little knowledge of society and its forms. The dialogues between the hero and his female friends read like a schoolboy's theme. Whenever he departs from philosophy and abstract discussion, he is out of his element, and makes a bow and a speech as awkwardly upon paper as he would (if we have not mistaken his character) in a drawing room. Still, it is worth while to read the book, not only because it contains some amusing and ingenious speculations, but because the author has exhausted the interest of the subject so imperfectly, that one's own fancy supplies the deficit, and finds ample room and material for agreeable reverie.

TALES OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD. New York, J. & J. Harper.

One of the most surprising literary phenomena of this age of bookmaking is the versatility of Mr. Croly. We do not know all that he has done, but we know that he is a clergyman, and of course somewhat of a theologian, that he wrote the "Angel of the World," one of the most exquisite Poems of its time, "Salathiel," a book of acknowledged and gorgeous power, a "New Interpretation of the Apocalypse" which has excited universal attention by its ingenuity and original views, some of the best descriptive and stirring martial poetry of the day, and, last, the delightful book whose

title heads this paragraph. The "Tales of the Great St. Bernard" are not all new. We read "the Married Actress" in one of the *Souvenirs* of last year, the "Woes of Wealth" were published in one of the *Magazines*, and the "Patron Saint," the "Conspirator," and the "Lock'd up Beauty" we have seen, but do not remember where. This is no drawback, however, upon the interest of the book. Mr. Croly's writing bears more than one reading, and, for that matter, the prodigious information it contains of countries and customs fits it for profitable study. The Wallachian's Tale of "Hebe" is entirely new, and told throughout with thrilling interest and power. The storm of the defile of the Balkan, the battle of the Tower of Rudschuck, the bloody scenes of the "Hermitage" at Constantinople, are of the highest order of description. We wish we had room to make extracts, but we must satisfy ourselves with recommending the book itself to our readers. It cannot fail with its keen satire, its fine knowledge of character and its high wrought pictures, to interest deeply. We hardly know how to reconcile the evidences of its various talent and resource with the life of one individual—displaying as the book does, an intimate acquaintance with the detail of society in almost every country in Europe, with the ripe and ready scholarship of a recluse, and an insight into a hundred forms of human vicissitudes, each of which would seem to have required the experience of a life.

POEMS, *By Louisa P. Smith.* Providence, A. S. Beckwith. 1829.

We do not know whether our readers will recognize in the Author before us, the lady who has been a contributor to the *Token and Legendary*, under the name of Louisa P. Hickman. A volume of two hundred and fifty pages lies before us, by this lady, who, though married, and the author of such a book, is, if her rhyme runs truly, but "careless seventeen." Young as she is, however, there is a finish, and an authentic grace in her style which show a singular maturity of judgment and taste. It is a collection of pure, sweet poetry—not powerful, nor betraying any great knowledge of the higher human passions, (how should such knowledge come with "seventeen?") but just such poetry as would seem the natural language of a gentle and high minded girl—such as we should expect to hear if we knew that the daily and unconscious pulses of her heart had become suddenly articulate. It is the expression of casual and pleasant thoughts, or impressions from images of beauty; of delight in a fine sentiment or a sweet passage in a book. It is the flow of unbidden and uncheck'd feelings—the gush of a fountain—the breath of intellectual being. Still, pleasant as it is to read



such poetry, we always regret its publication. It is bringing a plant into the air whose perfume is lost by the exposure. The arena of criticism is too rude a place for the poetry of delicate and simple feeling. It is always roughly handled—often trampled on. The pride of notoriety, too, is a poor exchange for the consciousness of gifts kept as ministers to the affections. Fame is like the cup in the fairy tale, which, when once tasted, left a perpetual thirst, and, with the existing taste, no poetry but the strong and the impassioned wins more than a first draught of its chalice. We would say, therefore, to all who have a mere talent for the beautiful in poetry, 'keep it for your friends! It will heighten the value of your kind offices, and pass, unquestioned, as a graceful and peculiar ornament; but the sensitive nature inseparable from the gift, unfits it utterly to encounter the chances of promiscuous criticism—in which, though there are a few who may appreciate, there are more who do not remember that they ever were young, and in whose bosoms the delicate sense of beauty was long ago smothered and forgotten.

We have marked several pieces in the volume before us, and would gladly extract them all. We have only room for one, however, which we take, rather because we opened first to it, than because it is superior to the rest. 'The Gift,' 'the Huma,' 'a Sketch,' and 'Recollections' are some of those which we unwillingly exclude.

## SPRING'S OFFERINGS.

I HAVE soft, still hours for the hearts that mourn,  
When a dewy breath on my wing is borne,  
When the soothing sound of my waterfalls,  
Like the voice of love on the weeper calls;  
And the scented breath of the southwind throws  
A calm on the heart as it lightly goes.

I have wreaths for the brows that are lighted up  
With the promise of bliss from joy's full cup,  
With hearts and hopes and wishes high,  
That like my own innocent buds must die;  
For beauty's hair, when she goes to bloom  
In the glittering light of the festal room.

For the scholar's rest, I have many a cell,  
In the deep wild-wood, by the sparkling well,  
Whose waves can lessen the feverish glow,  
Which the midnight-lamp on the brow will throw;  
Oh come to my cool and calm retreat,  
And the things that are bright and beautiful meet.

I have streams—where the children's tiny boat  
On the smooth, small waves may safely float,



With nor rock, nor reef on my flow'ry brink,  
 The freight of its infant hopes to sink ;  
 And I've pleasant places, where they may play  
 Through the joyous hours of my long clear day.

I have gifts for all, if they will but come  
 Away from the gloom of a wintry home,  
 And gather my flowers, and taste my dew,  
 As the fresh young leaves it sparkles through ;  
 My shining treasures shall all be theirs,  
 If they'll fly to me from life's dull cares.

TOKEAH, OR THE WHITE ROSE. Philadelphia, Carey & Lea .

This book deserves more than the cursory notice to which we are at present limited. It is in the same walk with Mr. Cooper's novels, and will bear a very fair comparison with them. With less originality and power in single characters and scenes, there is a more sustained and uniform beauty throughout, and, in the delineation of female character, a skill to which Mr. Cooper has not approached. We do not know of two more beautiful creations than Canondah and Rosa. The latter, especially, a Spanish captive reared in the hut of the chief Miko of the Occoneas, is drawn with exquisite tenderness. The descriptions are evidently the work of a man who has been accustomed to observe, and who has looked on nature with the eye of a poet. It is altogether a most delightful book, and a credit to our literature.

THE HEIR OF THE WORLD, AND LESSER POEMS. *By Sumner Lincoln Fairfield*, Philadelphia.

The author of this book seems to have made the mistake so common among poets, of pleasing the ear with very little attention to the thought. You may read his volume through, and fancy it all fine poetry, and yet not be able to repeat a line or recall a sentiment. It is a mass of beautiful words and musical expressions—flowers gathered indiscriminately from the Author's imagination, like a child's lapful of roses, without stems. You may extract passages of fine description, and similes exquisitely turned all over the book ; but though this may be very good material for a review, it is not "matter for immortality."

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LETTER FROM MR. ERASTUS FITZ-FLIRT, IN THE CITY, TO FRED-  
ERICK NEVILLE, ESQ. IN THE COUNTRY, DATED APRIL.

DEAR FRED, How d'ye do?—It is rainy  
And every thing's horribly blue ;  
And I know not that I can do better  
Than scribble a letter to you.  
I've studied my precepts from Pelham—  
I've whistled and waltz'd till I'm dead—  
And writing is really my only  
Remaining accomplishment, Fred.

I'm tired to death of the city—  
It neither is winter nor spring,  
There is not a sign of a party,  
There is not a bird on the wing.  
The leaves have not come for the summer,  
The dinners are over *pro tem*.  
The sky—but you know it is April—  
The girls—oh I'm weary of them !

I've sported my " Wheeler " till rusty,  
Tied science all out in cravat,  
Play'd Vivian Grey till it's musty,  
And Pelham till Pelham is flat.  
My attitudes all have grown common,  
My phrases make nobody stare,  
I almost have ceas'd to astonish!—  
(Fred! frizzing has ruin'd my hair.)

There's not a new subject for flirting,  
There's not a new love to be got ;  
I've been tender with all that are pretty,  
And, hang me ! with some that are not.  
I can hum all the tunes for cotillions,  
I know all the eye-brows by heart,  
I have seen all Miss Furbelow's flounces,  
And really 'tis time to depart.

No scandal that's decently horrid,  
Nobody abus'd but the low,  
The ' indiscreet girls ' are all married,  
The ' runaway matches ' don't ' go.'  
The ' painted ' have natural color,  
' False ringlets ' all grow to the head,  
And they call my suspicions ' ill-natured,'  
(How very ridiculous, Fred !)

I've order'd my horse in his harness,  
 And ponder'd the sky for a minute,  
 Laid a bet on his running and trotting ;  
 Tho' I knew 'twas too muddy to win it.  
 It's rather too rainy for fishing,  
 It's rather too muddy to shoot,  
 Hanging 's only genteel in December,  
 And you know I'm a villainous ' flute.'

Then my tailor is *threading* me ever,  
 My cobbler's impatient *at last*,  
 (I thought, Fred, that I should have vanish'd  
 Ere the time of my promise was past,)  
 The friends of Jane, Julia, and Susan,  
 Look'd on till the 'season' was o'er,  
 But they talk of "intentions" in April—  
 (Fred, is'nt this April a bore?)

P. S. I must stay in the city  
 Till my pony is well of his sprain,  
 (This comes of a wager in April,  
 And running a race in the rain.)  
 If my tailor and cobbler are civil,  
 If I don't get a summons from Sue,  
 If I neither am wed nor arrested,  
 I shall see you in May, Fred,—Adieu!

## SONNET.

To ———

I CAN'T forget thee. Worthless as thou art,  
 Thine image in its hiding place is set,  
 And vainly I endeavor from my heart  
 To blot thee out, forsaken Antoinette!  
 Thy lip in its first purity is there,  
 And thy young forehead with its simple braid ;  
 And the luxuriance of thy chestnut hair  
 Lightly upon thy delicate neck is laid ;  
 I hear the music of thy voice, and see  
 The melting richness of thy dark, deep eye,  
 And thy wild motion, spirited and free,  
 Tells of the graceful loveliness gone by ;  
 And ever in my heart their memory dwells  
 Like odor in a violet's trodden bells.



## SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

## POLITICAL.

**NATIONAL AFFAIRS.**—According to a late statement of the Treasury department, the debt of the United States, at the beginning of the present year, was upwards of *fifty eight millions* of dollars. This will, probably, be all paid off in five or six years. For four years, before the last, ten millions, annually, were paid, of the principal and interest of the public debt: and in 1828, twelve millions were paid. The income of last year was \$24,000,000; and the expenses of government, exclusive of instalment paid of the debt, amounted to \$15,000,000. There was a balance in the Treasury the beginning of the year 1828, it must be remembered, of \$5,000,000. The amount received last year on sale of public lands, was nearly \$800,000. The receipts into the Treasury for four years, 1824—1827, inclusive were \$98,000,000. Expenses of government and instalments and interest of public debt, for same years were \$95,500,000.—Amount of importations into United States during same time \$350,000,000; of exports for same four years \$337,000,000. Of this 223,000,000 were domestic products and manufactures; and 104,000,000 of reexportations of foreign goods and products. Amount of importations, since 1824, have increased 15 per cent. The shipping of United States has increased in the same ratio as the importations and revenue. It now is estimated at 1,500,000 tons; and is greater than that of any other nation, except Great Britain.—Congress has passed some laws favorable to commerce, as the giving longer time for a drawback on foreign products being exported: and lessening the duty heretofore required for tonnage.—Some appropriations have been made to assist in internal improvements, but several bills for objects of this nature were rejected, or postponed.—A proposition to make a settlement and establish a post near the mouth of the Columbia or Oregon river, was rejected. So also was a bill providing for an exploring expedition towards the South Pole.—An act was passed extending the benefits of the pension law of 1818, to widows and others, not before included.—The Tariff question was not brought forward, as had been expected.—The session was a short one; and many bills, which were reported, were postponed to the next session.—An important report was made in the Senate and also in the House, on the subject of transporting the mail on the Sabbath. Congress voted not to interfere in the affair.

General Andrew Jackson of Tennessee, has been chosen President of the United States by a great majority of votes. He had

178; and Mr. Adams received only 83. John C. Calhoun has been reelected Vice President by nearly the same majority. There are different opinions expressed as to the policy Gen. Jackson and his cabinet will pursue. Some fear many removals from office; but others anticipate a magnanimous conduct. The President is said to be a man of great energy and decision of character. We hope he will not be wanting in moderation and prudence. His inaugural address has been construed by his opponents as indicative of an exclusive spirit, and as of a radical character. He speaks, indeed, of the importance of economy; and censures the exercise of Executive patronage for party purposes. The composition is wanting in ornament, if not elegance. The speech however, is an explicit avowal of the President's principles, and contains a full declaration of his purposes generally, in administering the government. He must be judged by his measures; and where candor and impartiality are in exercise, he will not be condemned, unless his conduct discovers party feelings or arbitrary principles.

The affairs of the nation are in a prosperous state at present, and the prospect before us is cheering to the heart of the true patriot. If the Tariff question is again moved it will probably be with more candor and good temper than formerly; and the difficulty with England respecting our Eastern boundary, and the trade with her colonies in the West Indies, may be settled, it is hoped, honorably to both nations, if a spirit of firmness united with courtesy be brought to the discussion.

The legislature of Massachusetts had a long session, from the first Wednesday of January to 4th day of March. They refused to pass an act for a State tax, as has been usually done, until the three last years. The State is in debt, and the expenditures exceed the receipts into the public treasury. The Representatives have also been paid from the treasury of the Commonwealth, for several years past, without providing for a reimbursement into the treasury, from the respective towns represented, as was always the case, except for these three years. These are great innovations; whether they will be for the welfare of the State, time will discover. The taxing of property and estates belonging to clergymen and instructors of youth is also a novel measure in this State, and it is a departure from the principles of our intelligent and patriotic ancestors. A great portion of the time of the Legislature was occupied on the question of a Rail road from Boston to



Connecticut river, and to the western line of the State. A small majority of votes was finally obtained, as to the probable benefit and expediency for the measure; but the subject was postponed to the next session, and there is little reason to believe that the Court will consent to subscribe largely to the plan, on behalf of the Commonwealth. If the project succeed at all, it will probably be by the enterprize and liberality of individuals. We should suppose that every town, through which it was to pass, would also subscribe freely for the undertaking. The citizens of Boston are particularly interested in the construction of a Rail road into the interior of the State and country. They would thus have an easy conveyance for the transportation of heavy articles to and from the country towns and connect themselves in trade with the people of the great agricultural State of New-York. The effect would be the increase and prosperity of our metropolis. A Rail road is proposed from fort Erie, in the northern part of Pennsylvania, to the Hudson below Albany. If one is constructed from Boston to the western part of the State, it might be easily connected with the one contemplated through Pennsylvania. It would add immensely to the trade of Boston.

A proposition was made in the General Court, at the last session, for establishing Lyceums, or High Schools, in the larger towns, where the inhabitants exceed 2000. These institutions would be somewhat similar to Academies, which have been numerous in the State; but the privileges of which are not confined to the youth of the town, where they are located. Lyceums are intended to be for the benefit of the towns, which support them; and youth of a certain age or of particular literary attainments are to be instructed in them. Mathematics, Natural Philosophy and the physical sciences are the studies proposed to be attended to.

**FOREIGN AFFAIRS.**—The question of removing the civil disabilities of the Catholics in Great Britain, is still agitated in England and Ireland with much feeling. The result is still doubtful. The Episcopal influence in the ministry and in Parliament, especially in the House of Lords, many members of which are Bishops of the English established church, is predominant, and is in strong opposition to the emancipation of the Catholics. All liberal statesmen in England, are now, and have long been in favor of removing the disabilities, to which the Catholics are subject. The protestant dissenters are also in favor of such a measure. But the spirit of the majority of British statesmen and Bishops is against it. It is impossible to predict when the question will be decided, and until it is, the Catholics will not cease to complain and protest.

Mexico has lately, again, been the scene of revolutionary excess. The former President

has been deposed by his rival, not by the vote of the people, but by force. Some lives were sacrificed in effecting this change; but the citizens generally, are said to acquiesce. How soon another revolution will take place, it may be difficult and improper to predict; but there is no good reason for believing, that a permanent and stable government can be maintained until the people are more enlightened and better educated.

The Society of Jesuits has been revived in France, and given great alarm to the most intelligent men in the kingdom, men who are sincere, but enlightened Catholics, and true friends to the present government. The influence is feared, because they are secret in their proceedings, are bigoted and exclusive in their views, and wish to establish the authority of the Pope and Priests in civil matters, as it was two or three centuries ago. Those who have written against the order or society appear to have the popular voice in their favor; but the Jesuits are active and zealous in efforts to maintain and to extend their power.

The literary expedition to Egypt, by M. Champollion, Jr. and other eminent French savans excites great expectation among the antiquaries of Europe. The object is to copy and decypher the hieroglyphic writings on the pyramids and monuments in that country. Champollion has before been in Egypt and made some progress in discovering the meaning of the inscriptions. Important results are predicted, from his researches, as to the ancient history and chronology of Egypt. Sacred history may be elucidated by his discoveries, and its connexion with profane or common history more fully pointed out.

A French traveller by the name of Caillé, has actually visited the famed Timbuctoo, a large and populous city, or town, in the interior of Africa. He was disguised as an Arab, professed to be a Mahometan, and went in company with a caravan of traders. He was in very feeble health for some time before he reached the place, and remained there but two weeks; so that only a brief or general account of the city can be expected from him. He is at Paris preparing a narrative of his journey. It is said to be a very large settlement: perhaps as large as Mexico was when visited by the Spaniards in 1520. It is hoped he will be particular and accurate in describing the customs, traditions, manners, occupations and religion of these people, in the interior of Africa.

Montgomery has lately published a volume of poems; the subjects are "The Universal Prayer," "Death," "A Vision of Heaven and of Hell." They are treated in the serious spirit, which is proper for such topics;



and cannot be perused without leaving an impression favorable to sobriety of life and spirituality of mind and affections.

Scott has lately given the public a new series of 'Tales of a Grandfather,' which are founded in historical events that occurred in Scotland and England, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. They are entertaining and instructive; but are particularly intended for the capacity and the benefit of the young.

A late number of the Asiatic Journal contains a long article on the literature of Georgia. This country, it will be recollected, is in the North West of Asia, near the Caucasian mountains, the present population of which exceeds two millions and an half. The name given it by the ancients, was Colchis. The inhabitants have their early traditions up to within a short period of the general deluge. A descendant of Japhet is supposed to have made the first settlement in this country. The literature of the Georgians is evidently founded on and connected with the history of the Bible. They call it "the book of books;" and were favored with a translation of it into their vernacular tongue, in an early age of Christianity. The writings of the early Christian fathers were also translated into the language of that country. Some ancient copies of these still remain in manuscript. Their religion is that of the Greek Church, with some unimportant variations. MSS. are also said to be in existence which would throw much light on the history of ancient times, so far as that country and vicinity was concerned. They were, however, strangers to either politics or theoretic science. They have been more distinguished for poetry and romance, and yet their poetry has little merit except a profusion of images, of which eastern writers generally are so fond.

*The American Journal of Science and Arts.* Among the numerous and valuable periodical publications in the United States, whether Reviews, Magazines, or other literary Journals, this work, conducted by Professor Silliman, of New Haven, is one of the most valuable. As a Journal of Science, it is certainly the first in America. Professor Silliman is a man of much general literature, and his knowledge of the exact Sciences, is probably greater than that of any other individual in the United States. He is also indefatigable and persevering in his researches. For some years, the Journal of Science was so limited in its circulation, notwithstanding the ability and learning of the Editor, that the publishers of the work were not reimbursed for their actual expenses. The publication is now more justly appreciated; and it is sincerely hoped, that the learned and able Editor will be encouraged to continue it. The two last

numbers are very valuable. In proof of this remark, we might refer to the articles, "On Mineralogy and Geology of Nova Scotia;" "On Gases, Acids, and Salts, near the Erie Canal," "On Volcanos and Earthquakes" "On the Vitality of Matter," "on Fossil Remains," and particularly "The Report on a Course of Liberal Education." The latter is a very able and elaborate article, and was prepared by a Committee appointed by the President and Fellows of Yale College. This Report is evidently the result of mature consideration. The great question with the Committee seems to have been, whether any material, and what, changes are proper to be made in the present mode of college instruction, study and discipline. The Committee consider classical learning of great importance, and a necessary foundation for a learned education. The guardians and overseers of Colleges in our country will do well to consult this able Report. An article, purporting to be a "History of Sea Serpentism;" by the very learned Dr. Mitchell, we are inclined to believe, was prepared in haste, and under the influence of some unreasonable scepticism on the subject. The learned Doctor has not referred to the best evidence in the case, that derived from the depositions of Capt. Little and other respectable persons, who saw the Sea Serpent in 1779 and 1780, in the bay of Penobscot.

The fourth and fifth numbers of the *Southern Review* have been published—the last, in February. They fully sustain the high character acquired by the former numbers. The article in number IV. on the religious opinions and worship of the American Indians, discovers great research. The other articles are written with ability and learning—In the fifth number the principal subjects are 'The law of Tenures,' 'Chancery,' 'Brown's Philosophy of the Human Mind,' 'Butler's Life of Erasmus.'—They who have Jortin will hardly think of purchasing Butler.

The *Western Review*, published in the state of Ohio, by the Rev. Mr. Flint, is a work of considerable promise. It does not profess to be equal to the North American or Quarterly; but it merits the encouragement of all the friends of good learning. Mr. Flint has a good taste, his style is chaste and perspicuous; and he is industrious in collecting whatever is important in the antiquities and natural history of the "Valley of the Mississippi." He is preparing a new novel, with the title of "Shoshonee Valley"—the leading design of which is to show "the influence of the introduction of the white people into or near the settlements of the native Indians."

The ninth number of the *American Quarterly Review* has been lately published by Carey & Lea of Philadelphia. The princi-



pal articles are on Egyptian Architecture, The Law of Libel, History, Darby's View of the United States, Greek Revolution, Memoirs of Dr. P. Parr and Irving's Conquest of Grenada. These are important topics, and ably discussed; but not so interesting and popular as those treated in some other numbers.

The long expected Dictionary of Noah Webster, in two large quarto volumes, has been recently published, at New Haven, and in other parts of the country. The work is said to contain *twelve thousand* words more than are to be found in Todd's Johnson; and nearly *thirty thousand* more definitions than any English dictionary before published. "The greatest value of the work consists in a *copious* vocabulary, and in the comprehensiveness and correctness of the definitions."

Professor Cleaveland, of Bowdoin College in Maine, is preparing a *third* edition of his very learned and popular work on mineralogy. The feeble health of the author has hitherto delayed the intended publication.

A new novel writer has appeared in England; and his works rank high among the volumes of romance lately published. He cannot be considered a rival to Scott: But he has studied human nature entirely, and has mixed much with the fashionable society of the world. His remarks are correct and striking; and his design seems to be the moral improvement of his readers. "The Disowned" is the better of the two. In "Pelham," the writer is not sufficiently explicit in his reprobation of the depraved characters, which he has introduced.

Pollok's "Course of Time," we believe, does not continue to receive the very high praise, first bestowed upon it. The poem certainly indicates superior talents in the writer, and the design is excellent.

*Books lately published in London.* "Tales of the Great St. Bernard," by the Rev. Wm. Croly. "Conversations on Intellectual Philosophy," a familiar explanation of the nature and operation of the human mind. "The Genealogy of Christ Harmonized." "History of Roman Literature from the earliest periods to the Augustine age."

*In the Press,* "the Book of Jasher," referred to in Joshua. The MS. was brought to England, from the East, in the 13th century; and has lately been discovered among other MSS. belonging to a gentleman's library. Probably it is entitled to no more credit than "the prophecy of Enoch," published a few years ago; and yet it is possible it is a very ancient composition.

The London periodicals for February have appeared, but their contents are not very in-

teresting. It is stated, that the long-expected history of Sir James McIntosh is in great forwardness, and that the first volume will soon be published.—"The Collegians," "My Landlady and her Lodgers," by the author of "Annals of the Parish," have been lately published.—Also, "Tales, descriptive, characteristic and allegorical," by the writer of "Antidotes to the Miseries of Human Life."

Carey and Lea of Philadelphia, have lately published "The Conquest of Granada," by Washington Irving. They will soon publish "The Maid of the Mist," by Sir Walter Scott; "The Wish-ton-Wish," by Cooper; "Travels in America," by Capt. Basil Hall.

The second volume of "Life of Gov. Gerry," by J. T. Austin, Esq. has been published in Boston. Hon. Alden Bradford, is preparing a third volume of the History of Massachusetts, from 1790 to 1825.

JOHN THOMAS, Esq. the late Editor of the Cheltenham Chronicle, England, proposes to publish an "English Newspaper, to be called the Western Examiner," printed in a similar manner to the London Examiner. We have heard Mr. Thomas spoken of in high terms, and have no doubt he will conduct the proposed publication ably.

G. and C. Carvill will soon publish "Knapp's Lectures on Christian Theology," translated from the German by Leonard Woods, Jr. Professor Stuart of Andover, says of the work, "There are few writers, whom I have had the pleasure to peruse, for whose opinion I feel a greater veneration than for that of Dr. Knapp." He adds his assent also to some remarks by the translator which close with the following observation: "Though these Lectures were designed principally for the Student in Theology, the Author never loses sight of the ultimate object of all religious instruction. His remarks on the *practical* importance of the doctrines of Christianity, and his directions as to the *best method of presenting them* in popular discourse, form a very considerable, and by no means the least valuable part of the work. The whole is free from sectarian bitterness, is marked with peculiar candor, and pervaded by a spirit of warm and enlightened piety."

A volume of a "New Collection of ancient MSS." from the Vatican in Rome, lately published, contains the Commentaries of C. M. Victorinus on the Epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians and Philippians; an Essay in defence of the Christian Religion against the *natural* philosophers, by the same person. A treatise against the Arians from a Cassinese Codex. An ancient Commentary on Luke. The Gospel of Matthew, according to a most ancient MS.